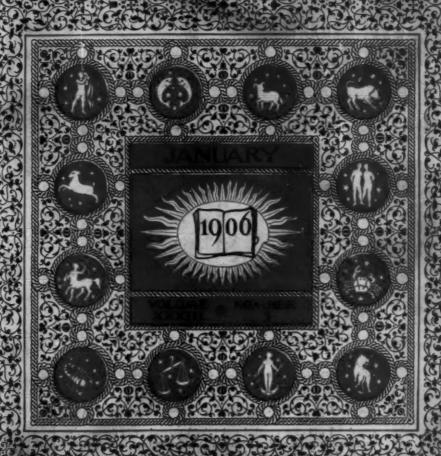
The January Number

ST NICHOLAS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



MACMILLAN AND CO. L'T'D, ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON

THE-CENTURY-CO-UNION-SQUARE-NEW-YORK

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Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (47 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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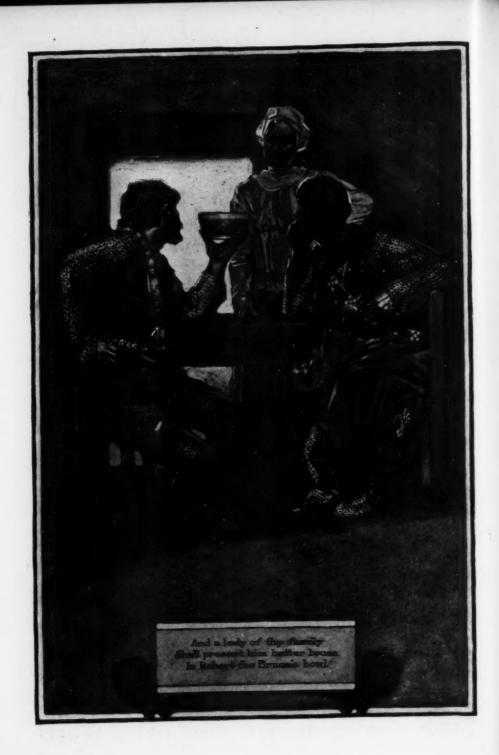
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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII.

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 3.



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"KING ROBERT AND SIR WALTER WERE THE LAST THAT STOOD UPRIGHT."

Then out ran the dame from the doorway of the cottage,
And she seized Sir Walter there by a straying lock of hair
With a right good twist of her hale and hearty fist;
And the Englishman fell backward ere the cause of it he wist,
And he yielded him a prisoner in fair.

Then they laid aside their arms, and they entered in the cottage.

And the king began to say, "Despise it he who may,
He is surely in the wrong, for Sir Walter's arm is strong.
But were I not a-famished he would not have fought so long
'Gainst Robert the Bruce this day."

"I am honored," said the knight, "to have fought the Scottish leader."

"Nay, nay," said the dame. "He shall have his proper name.

King shall he be, and acknowledged so by thee,

Or I cast into thy face this boiling brose that thou dost see,

An' thou yet deny his claim."

"Nay, hold," said the Bruce, "for thy king is sorely hungered.

Waste not good cheer on our valiant foeman here.

Thou shalt not lack fee: here 's a golden coin for thee;

And this our gallant prisoner let him partake with me

On thy good oak table near."







"THEN THEY LAID ASIDE THEIR ARMS, AND THEY ENTERED IN THE COTTAGE."

Then the dame filled a bowl, and she laid one spoon beside it.

"For my king," she said; "'t is an honor on my head.

But I feed no foe, and least of all, I trow,

He who fought my king so lustily a little while ago

Shall ever in my house be fed."

"Thou art loyal," said the king, "and thus do I reward it.

This land so fine, thou knowest it is mine.

Run around as large a space as thy flying foot may trace

While I eat thy savory breakfast, and thereafter, by my grace,

That land shall thence be thine."

Then she locked fast the spoons, and stood ready in the doorway

For the prize to try, with excitement in her eye.

Then the laugh did ring: "'T is a great and novel thing!

'T is the fleetness of a woman 'gainst the hunger of a king.

So speed thy foot and fly!"

She ran like a deer, but she halted at the turning,
Looked back on her track ere she took the other way,
And she cried, "Beware!" to the king and Selby there
(For they took alternate spoonfuls of the hot and homely fare),
"Fair play, my liege, fair play!"







"T IS THE FLEETNESS OF A WOMAN GAINST THE HUNGER OF A KING.

She has rounded the mount, and now she nears the cottage.

She has no eye for the treasure that is by.

Gold and silver lie at hand on the fallen English band;

She would never strip the slain, but she soon can win her land.

So onward she still doth fly.

Sir Walter and the king still were seated at the table
When came the dame to the threshold of the door.
Said the king: "Among the many thou art sure as true as any.
Thou shalt hold this land forever, free of paying plack or penny,
Both now and evermore."

"Only this: when perchance there cometh king of Scotland
Any day this way, thus shall he take his toll:
He shall halt in the close where the battle first arose,
And a lady of thy family shall present him butter brose,
In Robert the Bruce's bowl."

Now here 's to Robert Bruce and the gallant band that follow:

May his ear never hear again the roll of English drum;

May they beat a retreat for the marching English feet;

May the proud and haughty Southron know the taste of a defeat,

And the Bruce to his own throne come!





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MISS DOROTHEA'S RECITAL.

By ELIZABETH PRICE.

"DEAR MISS DOROTHEA: Enclosed find check in payment for Mamie's lessons to date. I will not engage another term for her, as, to be quite frank, we have decided to put her under Miss Dickinson's instruction for a while. I assure you this is not because of any dissatisfaction with you; but a child enjoys variety, and as most of Mamie's young friends are in Miss Dickinson's classes, she naturally desires to follow them.

"Trusting this will be satisfactory, and will not in any

way inconvenience you, I am,

"Yours sincerely,
"MARION BRIDGES."

Miss Dorothea read it through. "I would n't have thought it of Marion," she said aloud; "she knows my circumstances better than most people, because her father managed my property before I lost it. And Mamie has made excellent progress, if I do say it.

"But there, Dorothea Downs, you are not to get crusty and faultfinding. Miss Dickinson is young, and fresh from the conservatory, and it would be strange if she had n't learned things worth knowing of which you never dreamed.

"I don't blame people for wanting the very best for their children. Of course it is a little hard to be set aside, here where I was the unquestioned musical authority for so long; and I don't quite see how I am to manage on such a very tiny income." The brave voice broke and a tear splashed on the square piano Miss Downs was dusting. She wiped it off carefully, then suddenly knelt and laid her cheek lovingly against the yellowing keys.

"We 've had happy times together, have n't we?" she asked shakily. "But we're growing old and we've both gone out of fashion. There does n't seem to be any place where we are really needed any more."

The patient lips quivered and the sweet face worked convulsively, but the weakness was soon conquered. "Never mind. We have always been cared for, and I have faith to believe we always will be, precious old companion," and Miss Dorothea dropped a soft kiss on the keys, which tinkled to the pressure as if in reply.

"Where 's Miss Dor?" called a girlish voice through the open window.

"Right here, deary. Good morning. Honeysuckles? Yes, and welcome. What are you decorating for? Some entertainment going on?"

"Yes, Miss Dor, and nobody in Greenville has such coral honeysuckles as yours. I just had to have some. You know Miss Dickinson is going to give her first pupils' recital this evening, and I 'm helping the girls decorate her studio.

"Yes, I am to play. She invited me out of compliment to my chums who are her pupils, I suppose. Only think of playing to little old Greenville on a really, truly grand piano: Is n't it exciting?"

"It will be very interesting, deary. I wish you great success." Miss Downs looked pale and tired, and Alice took the scissors from her with gentle force. "Let me cut them — do," she pleaded. "You sit down there and tell me which branches I may have. "You 're coming to the recital, are n't you?"

Miss Downs's slender shoulders straightened with quiet dignity. "I was n't invited, deary," she said.

"Oh, Miss Dor, that was a dreadful mistake! I know Miss Dickinson would want you, and I simply cannot be refused. Why, you taught me my notes and the names of the keys, and you have n't heard me play since I went away to school two years ago."

"True, deary. You'll have to come up and play for me some day when you're not too busy."

"I'll come any time you say. Just tell me when I won't be interrupting you."

Miss Downs's pale face reddened. "I am at leisure — almost any time," she stammered. Alice fixed her eyes on the honeysuckles.

" It shall be soon, then," she promised gayly.

the pure girlish face with its wealth of waving hair, and the dimpled, busy hands. "They have n't spoiled you at boarding-school, have this morning. they, deary?" she asked with a kind smile.

Miss Downs scanned the graceful figure, dropping into a hammock. "I have something important to talk about.

"Mama, I went to see dear old Miss Dor

"When I got there the front door was open, "Mercy, I hope not! They 've been trying and I slipped up quietly, thinking I'd rush in



they 've succeeded. I'm coming up soon for a long, lovely visit, remember. Good by," and with a kiss Alice was gone.

The girls who were decorating Miss Dickinson's studio separated as the noon whistles blew, and Alice Robbins hurried home. "Oh, mama, I'm so glad you are alone," she exclaimed, about the recital and Miss Dickinson and her

to do the reverse, but I don't know how well and surprise her with a hug and kiss like I used to do. She was kneeling beside her piano, her face on the keys, her eyes shut, and tears streaming down.

> "Of course I slipped away, and went elsewhere for some roses, and on my way back I stopped again. I chattered thoughtlessly on

big class, never thinking what it meant to Miss Dor. I could shake myself this minute to think how stupid I was. Presently Miss Dor got so pale she frightened me, though she never let on - just kept as brave as could be. You may be sure I let the subject drop then.

"When I got back among the girls I asked unconcernedly about Miss Dor's class, and several of them laughed or shrugged their shoulders, and said things about her not being up-todate, and such nonsense. So I 've put all the evidence together, and I am sure that sweet old darling is in trouble. I positively don't believe she's got a scholar to her name!"

"Oh, daughter, you must be mistaken. Miss Dorothea has always had a large class," and Mrs. Robbins looked anxious.

"But Miss Dickinson has n't always been here, and you know, mama, how people in a small town flock after new things. Since Judge Mc-Dowell has moved out from the city, people seem to think they have to follow his example just as far as they possibly can. His older daughters have been studying at the conservatory where Miss Dickinson graduated, and everybody takes it for granted they'll study with her now, and that gives her an influence at once, because the McDowells are extremely rich."

though I mean to begin straight away if you are willing, and I know you are."

"This is a serious matter, daughter, though I hope you are mistaken. Greenville owes too much to Miss Downs to let her be neglected."

"That 's what I thought, and I 've made a little plan that I believe will bring things around. Let's give Miss Dor a recital of her own?" and Alice nodded mysteriously.

"We'll call it an alumnæ recital, and only pupils of long ago shall take part. There are you and Mrs. Bridges and Mrs. Townsend, and Mr. Thomas and Professor Hedges and Miss Mathews - oh, there 'll be oceans of program. And you'll all play things she taught you, and show people what her thorough instruction has meant, and how it has lasted.

"It must be on her birthday, which will give a good excuse for the festivities; and we can have it here, and have a gorgeous time."

Mrs. Robbins looked thoughtful. "It seems as if it might be attempted, daughter. We shall

Two weeks later Miss Downs received another missive. Slowly she opened it and read:

"Your presence is requested at a Piano Recital to be given by the Alumnæ of Miss Dorothea Downs's Music Class -

So far she read; then gasped and rubbed her eyes. And then Alice burst in and clasped her in her arms.

"It's a really, truly one, darling Miss Dor--a birthday surprise from your old pupils, who love you; and it 's to-night,- we would n't let you know until the birthday itself,- and it 'sat our house, and you're to come to supper and wear your very same beautiful bombazine you used to wear at concerts and things; and everybody sends bushels of love and wishes you many happy returns!"

Greenville, once reminded of its obligation, handsomely acknowledged it. The spaciousparlors were crowded, the porch was full, and even the lawn held appreciative listeners, as oneby one the musicians who owed their entire musical education to Miss Dorothea played the favorite pieces she had taught them.

Then Miss Downs herself, looking like a pic-"Not a girl I know is taking of Miss Dor, ture with her shining eyes and smiling lips, went to the piano amid deafening applause; and when she had finished and turned away, there were loving hands held out on every side and murmured words that made her happy for days.

> The speeches were almost the best of all. Professor Hedges proposed the toast, "Our Pioneer Musician," and then responded to it in gallant style, followed by Mr. Thomas, who fairly outdid himself, and Mr. Robbins, who made the hit of the evening.

> It was late when the company broke up. They gathered about Miss Dor with congratulations and good wishes, until somebody thrust a fat purse into her hand, saying, "A birthday gift from your loving friends," when they melted away as if by magic, leaving her to sob out her joy on Mrs. Robbins's shoulder, while Alice sniffed sympathetically by.

> But the end was not even then. So pleased was Judge McDowell with the evening's pro-

gram that he engaged Miss Dor to take entire tage nestles in a bower of coral honeysuckle, charge of his family's musical training.

you'd see a sweet, white-haired teacher sitting at "I don't care for furbelows," he said. "Teach her old piano, her arm about the last and young-



them to make their music mean something, as est of the McDowell pupils,- or, perhaps, some prices."

follow the long street to where a tiny old cot-

yours does, and I'll gladly pay you conservatory one else from those the McDowell influence has secured,-guiding awkward little fingers in If you should visit Greenville, and should tuneful tasks, or counting happily through some dear, old-fashioned melody.

N. E. W. S.

NORTH are icebergs, white bears, seals, Eskimos with blubber for meals, Odd sea-birds with wings like fins, Bold explorers with food in tins, Dogs that draw the sledges light, Six months day and six months night, Bright auroras, "sun-dogs" queer, Wintry snow through all the year.

East are tea-plants, silkworms, spice, Elephants huge, wide fields of rice, Chinamen wearing long, slim queues, Porcelain vases of richest hues, Bamboo houses, fans, and screens, Dragon-kites and palanquins, Fuji-yama, shining clear, Rumbling earthquakes all the year. West, the prairies wide as seas, Towering cliffs and monster trees, Lofty cataracts, cañons deep, Ranches raising cattle and sheep, Mines of gold and silver ore, Corn and wheat in endless store, Mountain-ranges, snowy-capped, Silent Indians, blanket-wrapped.

South are groves where oranges grow, The cotton-bolls are the only snow, Season of drouth and season of rain, Waving ranks of sugar-cane, Tropical forests where monkeys swing, Where jeweled birds are on the wing, Endless summer, desert sands, Sluggish rivers through fertile lands.

North, East, West, South, — the world is wide, Full of wonders on every side.

Tudor Jenks.



MOTHER RABBIT ON A VISIT TO TOWN: "NOW, CHILDREN, CHILDREN, DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT CROSSING THE TRACKS!"

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER V.

CHUB EATON INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

Roy had stayed to speak to Mr. Buckman after the geometry class had been dismissed, and so, when he reached the entrance of the hall on his way out, he found the broad granite steps well lined with boys. Nearly a week had passed since the hazing episode and the beginning of the present ostracism, and during that period Roy had become, if not used to it, at least in a measure inured. The smaller boys -the juniors-were the worst, and they, Roy felt certain, were being constantly egged on by Horace Burlen and his chums, of whom Otto Ferris was apparently the closest. Horace himself refrained from active animosity. When he met Roy he pretended to consider the latter beneath notice, and did no more than sneer as he turned his head away. But Otto never allowed an opportunity to be mean escape And to-day, an opportunity presenting itself, he seized upon it.

Roy, looking straight ahead, passed down the steps, trying hard to forget that well-nigh every eye was fixed upon him. He had reached the last step but one, and the ordeal was almost over, when Otto saw his chance. The next instant Roy had measured his length on the gravel path below, and his books and papers lay scattered about him. He scrambled to his feet with blazing cheeks and eyes, and strode toward Otto. The latter, too, got to his feet, but showed no overmastering desire to meet the other. Instead, he retreated a step and

began to look anxious.

"You tripped me up," charged Roy, angrily. "Who tripped you up?" asked Otto. "You fell over my foot. You ought to look where you 're going !"

Some of the older boys, their sympathies aroused by Roy's fall, moved between the two. The youngsters gave vocal support to Otto defended by most of the youngsters.

until commanded to "cut it out." Roy attempted to push by one of the boys, but was restrained.

"Run along, Porter," counseled the peacemaker. "It was a shabby trick, but you won't do any good by scrapping."

"Supposing you keep out of it," suggested

Roy, angrily.

"Now don't you get fresh," answered the other, warmly. "You can't scrap here, so run along as I told you. I dare say you only got

what was coming to you."

"He deserved it-the sneak!" cried Otto, who, divided from the enemy by strong defenses, had recovered his bravery. Roy heard, and threw discretion to the winds. He ducked under the arm of the boy in front of him, and had almost reached Otto when he was caught and dragged back. Otto, standing his ground because he could not retreat, looked vastly relieved. Roystruggled in the grasp of his captors.

"You let me go!" he cried. "It's none of your affair. Why don't you let him look after

himself, you bullies?"

"That 'll do for you, freshie," responded one of the older boys named Fernald. "Don't you call names or you 'll get in trouble."

"You'd better do as he says," counseled a quiet voice at Roy's side. "There would n't be any satisfaction in licking Ferris, anyway; he 's just a coward. Come along and pick up your books."

There was something quietly compelling in the voice, and Roy, ceasing to struggle, looked about, panting, into the round, good-humored face of a boy of about his own age.

"Come on," said the boy, softly. And Roy went.

Together they rescued the scattered books and papers, while on the steps discussion broke out stormily; Otto was being curtly "called down" by some of the older boys and volubly

When the books were once more under his arms, Roy thanked his new friend, and, without regular quarter, you know." a glance toward the group on the steps, turned toward the dormitory. When he had gone a few steps he became aware of the fact that the round-faced boy was beside him, and looked about in surprise.

"Did n't need me, I guess. Bacon is the

"Yes, but I don't see why they need to play him all through the first game. Well, here we are. Get a sweater or something on and meet me down here."

They had paused on the landing outside the "I 'm going your way," said the other, Junior Dormitory, and Roy hesitated. Then:



" RUN ALONG, PORTER, COUNSELED THE PEACEMAKER."

smilingly. . "Going to get my sweater on and go out in the canoe awhile. Do you paddle?"

"No, I never tried it," answered Roy.

"Well, never too late to learn," responded his companion, cheerfully. "Come and take a lesson. It 's a dandy day for a paddle."

"Thanks, but I 've got to study a bit."

"Oh, leave that until to-night. No practice, ask me." is there?"

"No: most of the fellows went to Maitland with the first eleven."

"Maitland will beat us this time, probably. We always lose the first two or three games. Why did n't they take you along?"

"You live here, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, I have a corner bed by the window; and last year, when they wanted to put me upstairs, I kicked. So they let me stay; told me I could be useful keeping an eye on the kids. You 'll come, eh?"

"Well, I-I guess so. It 's good of you to

"Not a bit. I hate to go alone; that 's all." He turned smilingly into the dormitory, and Roy went on upstairs, got rid of his books, and scrambled into his red sweater. It was n't necessary to pass School Hall on the way down to the river, and Roy was glad of it.

He felt that in losing his temper and slanging smiling. "He asked me one day if drinking the older fellows on the steps he had also lost ground. Instead of making friends, he had possibly made one or two new enemies. Then the realization that the boy beside him was showing himself more of a friend than any other fellow in school, with the possible exception of Jack Rogers, brought comfort, and in a sudden flush of gratitude he blurted:

"It was mighty nice of you to take my part, and I 'm awfully much obliged."

"Shucks! that was n't anything. I 'm always for the under dog, anyhow-if you don't mind being called a dog."

"No," answered Roy. Then he added a trifle bitterly, "I guess some of them call me worse than that."

"Oh, they 'll get over it," was the cheerful reply. "Just you pay no attention to 'em, mind your own affairs, and look as though you did n't give a rap."

"That 's what Laurence said," replied Roy, thoughtfully.

"Sensible chap, Laurence," said the other, smilingly. "Who might he be?"

"My brother. He's in Harvard."

"Oh, yes; I remember some one said your brother was 'Larry' Porter, the Harvard football man. I guess that 's how you happen to put up such a dandy game yourself, eh?"

"I don't think I 've done very well," answered Roy. "But-it has n't been all my fault."

"Nonsense! You 've played like an old stager; every fellow says that."

"Really?" asked Roy, eagerly.

"Of course! I 've heard lots of the fellows say that Bacon will have to do better than he ever has done to keep his place. And I know what you mean about it's not being all your fault. But I guess the chaps on your squad will behave themselves after the dressing down Jack gave them the other day."

"Were you there?"

"No; I don't very often watch practice. I don't care very much for foot-ball, myself. Base-ball 's my game. No; I was n't there, but Sid Welch was telling me about it. Sid 's a very communicative kid."

vinegar would make him thinner."

"He's a funny little chump," laughed the other. "Not a bad sort, either. He has the bed next to mine, and he and I are pretty good chums. By the way, you did n't tell me what it was your brother said."

"Oh-why-he said once that if I wanted to get on I must keep a stiff upper lip and mind my own affairs. And-and he said, 'When you're down on your luck or up against a bigger fellow, grin as hard as you can grin."

"Good for him!" cried the other; "I'd like to meet him. That 's what I say, too. No use in looking glum because you're put out at the plate; just smile and keep your mouth shut, and likely as not you 'll make good the next time. Besides, if the other chap sees you looking worried, it makes him feel bigger. Yes; that 's good advice, all right. By the way, I know your name, but I guess you don't know mine-it 's 'Chub' Eaton."

"Are you a senior?"

"Same as you - second senior. Of course, I was n't christened Chub-my real name 's Tom; but the fellows began calling me Chub the first year I was here, because I was rather fat then, and I did n't mind. So it stuck. Well, here 's the canoe. Just give me a hand, and we 'll put her over the end of the float."

The boat-house was deserted, but out in mid-stream were a pair-oar and a row-boat, the latter well filled. Roy helped in the launching, and soon they were afloat.

"It 's an awfully handsome canoe, is n't it?" asked Roy.

"Pretty fair. I thought the color would fetch you; it 's just a match for your sweater. Got the paddle? Well, try your hand at it. Just stick it in and push it back; you'll get the hang after a bit. We 'll get around the island, so as to catch the breeze."

It was a glorious afternoon. September was drawing to a close, and there was already a taste of October in the fresh breeze as soon as they had swung the crimson craft around the lower end of Fox Island. Toward the latter the owner of the craft waved his paddle.

"That 's where we have fun April recess," "He's trying to make the team," said Roy, he said. "If you know what 's good, you'll stay here instead of going home. We camp out there for almost a week, and have more fun than you can shake a stick at.—Take it easier, or you'll get sore muscles. That 's better." with a good-humored face from which a pair of bright, alert brown eyes sparkled. His hair was brown, too—a brown that just escaped being red, but which did not in the least remind

Roy obeyed directions and soon discovered that paddling, if done the right way, is good fun. Before the autumn was gone he had attained to quite a degree of proficiency, and was never happier than when out in the canoe. But today his muscles, in spite of training, soon began to ache, and he was glad when the boy at the stern suggested that they let the craft drift for



"OF COURSE 1 WAS N'T CHRISTENED CHUB. MY REAL NAME IS TOM."

a while. Presently, Roy having turned around very cautiously, they were taking their ease in the bottom of the canoe, the water *lap-lapping* against the smooth crimson sides. They talked of all sorts of things, as boys will at first meeting, and as they talked Roy had his first good chance to look his newly found friend over.

Chub Eaton was sixteen, although he looked fully a year older. He was somewhat thickset, but not so much so as to be either slow or awkward. He was undeniably good-looking, of bright, alert brown eyes sparkled. His hair was brown, too-a brown that just escaped being red, but which did not in the least remind Roy of Harry's vivid tresses. Chub looked to be in the fittest physical condition, and the coat of tan that covered his face and hands made Roy seem almost pale in comparison. Chub had an easy, self-assured way of doing things that Roy could n't help admiring, and he was a born leader. These same qualities were possessed by Roy to a lesser extent, and that, as the friendship grew and ripened between the two, they never had a falling out worthy of the name proves that each must have had a well-developed sense of fairness and generosity. As I have said, their conversation touched on all sorts of subjects, and finally it got around to Horace Burlen.

"Horace has the whole school under his thumb," explained Chub. "You see, in the first place, he is Emmy's nephew, and the fellows have an idea that that makes a difference with Emmy. I don't believe it does, for Emmy 's mighty fair; and besides, I 've seen him wade into Horace good and hard. But he 's school leader, all right. The juniors do just about whatever he tells 'em to, and are scared to death for fear he will eat 'em up. It 's awfully funny, the way he bosses things. I don't believe there are half a dozen fellows in school who would n't jump into the river if Horace told them to. And the worst of it is, you know, he is n't the best fellow in the world to be leader."

"How about you?" asked Roy. "You're not one of his slaves, are you?"

"Me? Bless you, no! Horace and I had our little scrap two years ago, and since then he has given me up for lost. Same way with Jack Rogers. Jack 's the only chap that can make Horace stand around. Jack could have taken the lead himself if he 'd wanted to, but the only thing he thinks of is foot-ball. Horace hates him like poison, but he makes believe he likes him. You see, Horace was up for captain this year, and would have got it, too, if Johnny King had n't made a lot of the team promise last fall to vote for Jack. It was n't exactly fair, I guess; but Johnny knew

that Horace would never do for foot-ball captain. So that 's the reason Horace has it in for him."

"Well, he will never get me to lick his boots for him," said Roy, decisively.

Chub looked at him smilingly a moment.

"No; I don't believe he will. But you 'll have a hard row to hoe for a while, for Horace can make it mighty unpleasant for a chap if he wants to."

"He's done it already," answered Roy.

"Oh, that 's nothing," was the cheerful reply. "Wait till he gets to going. He can be mighty nasty when he tries. And he can be fairly decent, too. He is n't a coward like Otto Ferris, you see; he 's got a lot of good stuff in him, only it does n't very often get out."

"He 's a second senior, is n't he?"

"Yes; he's been here six years already, too. He is n't much on study, and Emmy gets ripping mad with him sometimes. Two years ago he did n't pass, and Emmy told him he'd keep him in the Second Middle for six years if he did n't do better work. So Horace buckled down that time and moved up.—Well, say we paddle back. You stay where you are if you're tired; I can make it against this little old tide."

But Roy declared he was n't tired, and took up his paddle again. As they neared the school landing, the row-boat came drifting down from the end of the island, the half-dozen lads inside of it shouting and laughing loudly. Suddenly Roy started to his feet.

"Sit down!" cried Chub, sharply.

Roy sat down, not so much on account of the command as because he had started the canoe to rocking, and it was a choice between doing that and falling into the river.

"Their boat 's upset!" he cried back.

"So I see," answered Chub. "But it is n't necessary to upset this one too. Besides, they can all swim like fishes."

Nevertheless he bent to his paddle, and, with Roy making ineffectual efforts to help him, fairly shot the craft over the water. But in a moment it was evident that their aid was not required, for the boys in the water, laughing over their mishap, were swimming toward the beach and pushing the capsized boat before them. Chub headed the canoe toward the landing. "You see," he explained, "no fellow is allowed to get into a boat here until he can swim; and so, barring a swift current, there is n't much danger. That 's Sid in front. He 's a regular fish in the water, and it 's even money that he upset the thing on purpose. He 'd better not let Emmy know about it, though. By the way, how about you? Can you swim? I forgot to ask you."

"Yes, I can swim pretty well."

"All right. I took it for granted you could. You look like a chap that can do things. Do you play base-ball?"

"No; that is- Of course I can catch a

ball if it 's coming my way."

"Good! Why not come out for the nine in the spring? I know you can start quick and run like a streak. I saw you make that touchdown, yesterday. You'd better try."

"Well," answered Roy, as they lifted the canoe from the water and bore it into the boathouse, "maybe I will. Only I don't think the captain would be very glad to see me."

"Don't you worry about the captain," laughed Chub. "He 's too glad to get material to be fussy."

"Who is captain?" asked Roy.

"I am," said Chub. "That's how I know so much about him!"

CHAPTER VI.

METHUSELAH HAS A SORE THROAT.

FOOT-BALL practice was hard and steady the next week, for Maitland had trounced Ferry Hill, 17 to 0; and as Maitland was only a high school, albeit a rather large one, the disgrace rankled. Jack Rogers was n't the sort of chap to wear his heart on his sleeve, and so far as his countenance went, none would have guessed him to be badly discouraged. But he was, and Roy, for one, knew it. And I think Jack knew that he knew it, for once in a lull of the signal practice he looked up to find Roy's eyes on him sympathetically, and he smiled back with a dubious shake of his head that spoke volumes. Things were n't going very well, and that was a fact. The loss of Horace Burlen during that first month of practice meant a good deal, for Horace was a steady

Horace's friends in exile, retarded the development of the team. By the end of the second week of practice a provisional eleven had been formed, for Mr. Cobb believed in getting the men together as soon as possible, having learned from experience that team-work is not a thing that can be instilled in a mere week or two of practice. Whitcomb was playing center on the first squad in Horace's absence. Roy was at quarter on the second, with a slow-moving young giant named Forrest in front of him. But Forrest was good-natured as well as slow, and in consequence he and Roy got on very well, although they never exchanged unnecessary remarks. The back field had learned that Jack Rogers would not stand any nonsense, and if they had any desire to make things uncomfortable for the quarter-back, they did n't indulge it on the foot-ball field. The second stood up very well in those days before the first, in spite of the fact that sometimes there were n't enough candidates to fill the places of injured players. With only forty-odd fellows to draw from, it was remarkable that Ferry Hill turned out the teams that it did.

Meanwhile life was growing easier for Roy. Even the younger boys had begun to tire of showing their contempt, while the fact that Chub Eaton had "taken up" the new boy went a long way with the school in general. Chub was not popular in the closest sense of the word; he was far too indifferent for that; but every fellow who knew him at all liked him-with the possible exception of Horaceand his position of base-ball captain made him a person of importance. Consequently, when the school observed that Chub had selected Roy for a friend, it marveled for a few days, and then began to wonder whether there might not be, after all, extenuating circumstances in the new boy's favor. And, besides this, Roy's work on the gridiron had been from the first of the sort to command respect, no matter how unwilling. And it was about this time that another friend was restored to him.

Roy had come across Harry but once or twice since she had passed him in the campus, and each time he had been very careful to Harry conducted the visitor into the inclosure

center and an experienced one. To a lesser avoid her. But one morning he ran plump extent, the absence of Pryor and Warren, into her in the corridor of School Hall-so plump, in fact, that he knocked the book she was carrying from her hand. Of course there was nothing to do but stoop and rescue it from the floor, and when that was done it was too late to escape. As he handed the book back to her, he looked straight into the blue eyes and said, "Good morning, Miss Harriet." Strange to say, he was not immediately annihilated. Instead, the blue eyes smiled at him with a most friendly gleam, and-

> "Good morning," said Harry. Then, "Only I ought n't to answer you for calling me 'Miss Harriet'; you know I hate Harriet."

> "Excuse me, I meant Miss Harry," answered Roy, a trifle stiffly. It was hard to forget that cut direct.

> "That 's better," she said. "You-you have n't been down to inquire after the health of the rabbit since you rescued him."

"No, but I hope he 's all right?"

"Yes, but Methuselah is awfully sick."

"He 's the parrot, is n't he?" asked Roy. "What 's wrong with the old sinner?"

"He has a dreadful sore throat." I 've tied it up with a cloth soaked in turpentine half a dozen times, but he just won't let it be."

"Are you sure it 's sore throat," asked Roy. "Yes, his voice is almost gone. Why, he

can scarcely talk above a whisper !"

Roy thought to himself that that was n't such a catastrophe as Harry intimated, but he was careful not to suggest such a thing to her. Instead he looked properly regretful.

"Don't you want to see him?" asked Harry, in the manner of one conferring an unusual favor. Roy declared that he did, and Harry led the way toward the barn, her red hair radiant in the morning sunlight. On the way they passed two of the boys, who observed them with open-eyed surprise. Harry's favor wasnot easy to win, and, being won, was something to prize, since she stood near the throne and was popularly believed to be able to command favors for her friends.

Methuselah certainly did look ill. He was perched on the edge of his soap-box domicile, viewing the world with pessimistic eyes, when and sent the pigeons whirling into air. Harry eyes and bent his head in evident appreciation went to him and stroked his head.

"Poor old 'Thuselah!" she murmured. "Did he have a sore throat? Well, it was a shame. you 're making out," said Roy. "I believe But you 're a naughty bird for scratching off you 're an old bluffer." the bandage I put on. What have you done with it? You have n't-" she looked about the box and the ground, and then viewed the bird sternly-" you have n't eaten it ?"

Methuselah cocked his eyes at her in a worldweary way that seemed to say, "Well, what if I have? I might as well die one day as another." But Roy discovered the bedraggled length of linen a little way off and restored it to Harry.

"I'm so glad!" said the girl, with a sigh of "I did n't know but he might have, you know. Why, once he actually ate a whole ounce of turnip-seeds!"

"Did it hurt him?" asked Roy, interestedly.

"N-no, I don't believe so, but I was awfully afraid it would. John, the gardener, said he'd have appendicitis. But, then, John was mad because he needed the seeds."

Methuselah had closed his eyes and now looked as though resolved to die at once and get it over with. But at that moment Snip trotted out from the barn, where he had been hunting for rats, and hailed Roy as a long-lost friend. Perhaps the incident saved the bird's life. At least it caused him to alter his mind about dying at once, for he blinked his eyes open, watched the performance for a moment, and then broke out in a hoarse croak with:

"Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing!"

It was such a pathetic apology for a voice that Roy had to laugh even at the risk of wounding Harry's feelings. But Harry, too, found it amusing, and joined her laugh with his. Whereupon Methuselah mocked them sarcastically in tones that suggested the indelicacy of laughing at a dying friend.

"I think," said Harry, "he 'd like you to scratch his head."

Roy looked doubtfully at the bird, and the bird looked suspiciously at Roy. But when the latter had summoned up sufficient courage to allow of the experiment, Methuselah closed his and enjoyment.

"I don't believe you 're nearly so sick as

And the bird actually chuckled!

Harry dosed the bandage with turpentine again, and once more tied it around Methuselah's neck.

"Now don't you dare scratch it off again," she commanded, shaking her finger at him.

"Well, I never-" began the bird.



"'FOOR OLD 'THUSELAH!' SHE MURMURED."

weariness overcame him in the middle of the sentence, and he closed his beady eyes again and nodded sleepily.

"I don't believe he slept very well last night," confided Harry in a whisper.

"Maybe he was cold," suggested Roy.

"I 've thought of that. I don't usually move them indoors until later," said Harry, thoughtfully; "but the weather is so cold this fall that I think I'll put them in to-day. Maybe he's been sleeping in a draft. Mama says that will almost always give you a sore throat."

They walked back to the cottage together, and on the way Harry was unusually quiet. Finally, when Roy had pleaded a recitation, she unburdened her mind and conscience.

"I-I'm sorry about the other day," she said suddenly.

Roy looked around in surprise.

"I mean when I did n't speak to you one

morning," explained Harry, bravely. Her cheeks were furiously red, and Roy found rather you did n't." himself sharing her embarrassment.

"Oh, that 's all right," he muttered.

"No, it is n't all right," contradicted Harry. "It was a mean thing to do, and I was sorry right away. Only you did n't look, and soso I-I did n't call you. I-I wish you had looked. It was all Horace's fault. He said-"

"Yes, I guess I know what he said," interrupted Roy. "But supposing what he said is

so?"

"I should n't care-much," was the answer; "but I know it is n't so. Is it?"

Roy dropped his eyes and hesitated. Then-"No," he muttered. "It is n't so, Harry."

"I knew it!" she cried triumphantly. told him afterward I knew it! And he said girls were n't proper persons to judge of such things, and I don't see what that 's got to do with my knowing-what I know; do you?"

Roy had to acknowledge that he did n't.

"And you 're not cross with me, are you?" she demanded anxiously.

"Not a bit," he said.

"That 's nice. I don't like folks I like to not like- Oh, dear me! I 'm all balled up. Only I must n't say, 'balled up.' I meant that I was-confused. Anyway, I'm going to tell all the boys that it is n't so; that you did n't squeal-I mean tell-on Horace and the others. And I think it was a mean trick to play on you. Why, you might have caught your death of cold."

"Or a sore throat, like Methuselah," said Roy, smiling.

"Or you might have been drowned? But

I 'm going to tell the boys that-"

"I 'd rather you did n't, please, Harry." Harry, who was becoming quite enthusiastic and excited, opened her eyes very wide.

"Not tell?" she cried. "Why not?"

"Well," answered Roy, hesitatingly, "I-I'd

"No reason!" said Harry, scornfully.

"If they think I'd do such a thing," muttered Roy, "they can just keep on thinking so. I guess I can stand it."

Harry looked puzzled for a moment. She was trying to get at this point of view. Then

her face lighted.

"Splendid!" she cried. "You're going to be a martyr and be misunderstood, like-like somebody in a book I was reading! And some day, long after you 're gone,"-Harry looked vaguely about, as though searching for the place Roy was to go to,-"folks will discover that you're innocent, and they'll be very, very sorry, and erect a white marble shaft to your memory!" She ended, much out of breath, but still enthusiastic, to find Roy laughing.

"I'm not hankering for any martyr business, Harry. It is n't that, exactly. I don't know just what it is; but if you won't say anything about it, I 'll be so much obliged."

"Well, then, I won't," promised Harry, regretfully. "Only I do wish you were going to be a martyr."

"I shall be if I don't hurry," answered Roy. "I have 'math.' with Mr. Buckman in about half a minute."

" Pooh! No one 's afraid of Buck !" said Harry, scornfully. "Cobby 's the one to look out for; he 's awfully strict." Roy was already making for School Hall. "You'll come and make a professional visit on Methuselah again soon, won't you?"

"Yes," called Roy.

"And you 'll play tennis with me some day,

"I don't play very well."

"Never mind," answered Harry; "I'll teach you. Good-by!"

(To be continued.)

TALKING THROUGH THE HAT;

OR,

THE MANNERS OF KOREA.

By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.



The not uncommon saying, "You are talking through your hat!"
Must have come from old Korea, where they 're quite adept in that.
All the head-gear 's telescopic in the ancient Hermit-land,
And may be shot up at pleasure when you meet a noble grand.
For a commoner it 's lowered; even then 't is not so small,
For it 's three feet in diameter and seven inches tall.

Say you're walking of a morning in an old Korean street,
And a grandly hatted gentleman you happen for to meet;
Should his covering be yellow, with a kind of toadstool brim,
You may know he is in mourning, and may straight condole with him.
His may be a recent sorrow, or persistence of an old;
But in tones of buff and amber his bereavement will be told.

Turn a corner and, advancing, you may see a smiling face,
Topped by hat bedecked with jewels or set off with beaded lace.
If the trimming 's long and ample and is tied beneath the chin,
You may ask a loan of money and the favor hope to win.
Such adornment means prosperity and great success in life;
Or the stranger may be happy and have chosen well his wife.

Should the morning be uncertain and the wind a wavering one, With a mass of gathering shadows and capricious gleams of sun,



From the hats of certain persons skirts of paper may depend, For to serve them as umbrellas, should a sudden storm descend. The Korean Weather Bureau thus is organized, you see, And may be by all consulted, safe from any form of fee.

If you 're bidden to a party in the Land of Morning Calm, You may proudly bear the missive in your hat of braided palm. Thus your status in society is settled once for all, And you 're sure to be invited if Dame Grundy gives a ball. Hats may also serve as bill-boards, and upon them you may post Such a bit of news or gossip as may interest you most.

In Korea, then, the head-gear's the essential thing in life; But a man may not assume one till he's sought him out a wife. Hats accompany betrothal, as with marriage goes a ring, And the safely plighted lover hymns of joy may fitly sing. Scorn a woman in Korea, and the sex your scorn repays, For with ribboned pigtail hanging, you go hatless all your days.





Flapjack.

By Carter Hamilton.

HE turned one clean half-somersault from nowhere, and landed plunk on

his back at my feet. I said, "Flapjacks!" That's how he got his name. He was only an Indian's cur, the forlornest little waif of a lost puppy, with the most beautiful dogs' eyes I have ever seen. He scrambled to his feet and used his eyes—that settled it for us. Without further introduction, we offered him the remains of our dinner. He accepted it with three gulps and then stood wagging his poor little tail, asking for more.

We were camping and trailing out in the Wind River Mountains-Brandt and I-back of the Shoshone Indian Reservation, and we had halted for dinner in a small cañon in the shade of the rock wall from whose summit Flapjack had tried his little acrobatic stunt. Whether he came from an Indian encampment near by, which we had not seen, or was just plain lost and fending for himself alone in the wilderness, we did not know. He told us about fending for one's self while he ate his dinner, an' that it was "an awful" hard life and sometimes "very discouraging." After dinner he told us that our scraps were the very best food he had ever eaten; that our outfit, our horses and mule, the finest he had ever seen; that we ourselves were gods, wise and very great; that he loved the ground we trod on, and only asked to stay with us forever. So he stayed.

Jinny, the mule, returned his compliments unopened, and told him what she thought of him by showing the under side of her off hind hoof and putting back her ears. But then, Jinny was the only aristocratic person in camp, in her own opinion, and you may take that for what it is worth. She did n't prejudice us against Flapjack. Still, Brandt and I happened not to share Jinny's opinion of herself. Brandt was in the habit of remarking on seventeen separate and several occasions each day that "even fer a mule, Jinny is the low-downdest one I ever set eyes on."

At the sight of her hoof, Flapjack made a ludicrous little duck with his head and came back to us, volubly explaining that, "Of course, the mule being yours, don't you know? she simply must be the very finest, sweetest-tempered animal in the world, don't you know? and altogether above reproach, don't you know?" That won us completely.

And he never once reproached her for anything she did—even when she kicked him into the river. He treated her with distant courtesy always, without so much as a yap in her direction. And it was n't because he was afraid of mules, either—Brandt and I will deny that imputation against his valor to our dying day. Let a strange mule or horse get in among ours, and Flapjack was a very lion of ferocity until he had yapped him out of sight.

"Think we'd better look for their camp?" I asked, putting the dishes into Jinny's pack.

"What, the purp's Injuns? Not much!" answered Brandt. "If they have n't seen us, let 'em alone. An' if they have—why, we 've got to wait proper introductions. I move we hike."

So we hiked, and Flapjack hiked with us. We kept on our trail, if such it could be aı

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but ourselves had ever set foot upon. We were front of our tent. bound for a little lake that we knew, crammed with the most innocent fish on earth. No; I am not going to tell you where. There are some things you must find out for yourself, if you are game for it, just as we did; otherwise, you don't deserve to know.

After some ten days we arrived, without either adventure or misadventure, at our happy fishing-ground, and made camp on a little precipice at whose foot a deep, dark pool lured monster and luscious rarities.

In spite of his hard journey, little Flapjack had improved amazingly as to health, not as to manners: for from the first day we knew him, he had better manners than any other dog I ever met. If you flung him a crust, he so appreciated it-it was the very nicest crust, the daintiest morsel, one could have; just as everything we did was simply perfect in his eyes. And he was n't servile about it, either. He simply approved of everything we did, and told us so in an eloquent, dumb way of his own.

We made camp for a two weeks' stay; felled a tree for backlog, and fixed things generally to be comfortable, all under his supervising eye. And when it was done, and the friendship fire lighted, he lay down before it as one of us and said, "This is home."

So we fished and were happy; and we fished some more and were happier; and we fished more and more and were happier and happier every day. Do you understand that feeling? If you have known Wyoming camp-fires, you do.

Sometimes we tramped to distant shores of the lake, "so 's not to git our own fish too eddicated," Brandt explained, though generally we fished at our camp from a fallen forest monarch lying out over our deep hole. We used much craft and almost any kind of bait, and drew up monsters I do not dare to describe in cold print. Brandt used to say, "Them fish is so blame' innercent, y' could ketch um with a shoe-button on a button-hook, if y' had it handy"-which I did n't. And thus we lived one blessed week of glorious days between heavenly sleeps-that is, until the day of the Great Catch.

"Somethin' comin'," said Brandt one day, as

called: a trail which probably no white man he looked at the Great Catch laid in a row in

"Supper!" I velled.

"I don't mean that. I mean somethin'," replied Brandt, meditatively. "Jevver notice that whenever y' strike the Great Catch somethin' comes right bang top of it to take y' down? Every time an' every time it 's so. That 's what I mean. I bet it's Injuns-seem to sense it that way-Injuns."

"I seem to sense it that we 've got to clean those fish before it gets dark, and fry them, and eat them," I said. "Do we pack the water up or the fish down?"

"Water up, I guess," said Brandt, proudly looking on the Great Catch. "A blame' sight less to pack, er I 'm a sinner. Hang um on a string an' souse um off the log, after."

So Brandt with one canvas bucket and the agate kettle, and I with the other bucket and the coffee-pot, meandered down our little trail to the water's edge, and dipped our household supply. We were gone, all told, twenty minutes. Brandt was in the lead, Flapjack at my heel, for he superintended all the camp operations, meal-time being his great opportunity.

There were two high rock-steps at the end of our path that brought us up to our level. Flapjack ran around through the brush by a trail of his own to meet us at the top. Brandt stepped over; I followed.

"Jumpin' giraffes!" Brandt exclaimed.

At that instant I saw our last fish disappear into a great red mouth in one end of a brushpile, and the mouth said, " Woof!"

At the word Brandt's canvas bucket hurtled through the air and landed quush! on a big, "silver-tip" grizzly's nose.

The grizzly said, "Woofsh-spshpts!" very loud.

The bucket was Flapjack's cue to go on with his part, and he did. He went after the bucket with a wild " Yee-ap!" and a flying leap, and landed somewhere in the neighborhood of the spot just vacated by the bucket.

The grizzly emitted something between a shriek and a groan, bounded up like a rubberball, cleared the top level at one jump, and disappeared into the brush squealing, with Flapjack yee-ap-yapping at his heels!

We heard the bushes crackle and crash while

Proud of himself? Well, rather! So were old Silver Tip ran and squealed. We heard we, and we told him so. He went from one to little Flapjack yee-ap-yapping his views on bear the other of us, offering his congratulations on



"THE GRIZZLY DISAPPEARED INTO THE BRUSH SQUEALING, WITH FLAPJACK YEB-AP-YAPPING AT HIS HEELS!"

in general and big ones in particular. The our having such a speedy dog in camp with us: echoes ceased and the sounds grew fainter, and fainter-and fainter-and were swallowed up by the great silences.

"Well, I never!" groaned Brandt at last, looking ruefully at the revolver in his hand. "Such a chance spoilt by a purp-a plain, stump-tail Injun purp!"

" Plucky, though, was n't it?"

"Plucky! If y' call it plucky to run after a thing when y' don't know what it is an' jest throw yerself at its head till y' find out! But he won out, all the same!" added Brandt. "Yes, siree, he won out - on sheer pluck! What 'd I tell y'? 'T was n't Injuns, but it sure was something-the whole catch o' fish is gone-we 'll have pork fer supper."

"I'm thinking of Flapjack," I said. "'Fraid fire brother that he was. he 's done for by this, poor little fellow."

"Oh, he'll be back to supper," replied Brandt, confidently; and an hour later, tongue lolling, tail erect, Flapjack sauntered into camp.

"Bears? Pooh! What are grizzly bears? You don't have to be such a very brave dog to drive them off! Pooh! Do it again any time you say!"-that sort of talk, you know. For a few minutes we were just a bit afraid he was looking down on us for a couple of softieswe had n't jumped at a grizzly and boxed its ears! But no; he was much too fine a gentleman for that. We had fed him when he was hungry, and we were just as good as he wasoh, every whit! - even if we had n't driven old Silver Tip across the landscape squealing like a pig! He made us feel perfectly at ease with him, and when supper-time came he quietly laid aside his glory with a "let's forget it" air and ate with us like an equal and the camp-

"Silver Tip 'll be back to-morrow," I re-

"No-py," replied Brandt. "Don't you guess it. This time to-morrow mornin' he 'll strike up

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Yallastone Park, an' this time to-morrow night his. So he stayed out and I went back to he 'll be over in Montana visitin' his aunt in camp, personally conducted by Flapjack, a the country. If y' want him you'll have to string of lesser whales in my hand. take an express-train-an' y' won't ketch him I know bears-they ain't coyotes. Flappie, what d'ye think about it?"

Flapjack replied that he agreed with Brandt absolutely, that he, too, knew bears "tremenjous well," and he did a great deal of tail-wagging to prove it.

So I took their word for it-two against one -and smoked in silence, pondering the great event. For it was an event to me at that time-my first sight of Silver Tip in his native wilderness. Those were the early days of Wyoming camp-fires for me, and I had then seen very little of the larger game.

But-even though two against one-they were wrong, and in this wise it all happened five days later.

And I almost ran into Silver Tip before I then. He 'll hike over three States 'fore he saw him-for Silver Tip was in the tent! He had already munched the camera and a few other trifles of like sort, and was at the moment supping on my last film (all the views of the trip!), which hung out of his mouth and curled about like a live ribbon while he clawed it.

> Silver Tip said, "Wo-o-of!" and struck out with his paw-at the film, probably, though I thought he was striking at me. Anyhow, he struck out-I saw that. I struck out with the fish in my hand, and hit him swat on the side of the That started it-he knew what I was.

I dropped the fish I was carrying and jumped, pulling my six-shooter. With one bound he was out of the tent after me. The next instant I found myself playing hide-and-seek with him around a big tree, to the tune of " Woof-woof! We had gone to our second pool three miles. —and of Yap-yap-yap-yee-ap!" from Flapjack.



"FLAPJACK DASHED FROM BEHIND BRUIN AND NIPPED HIM IN THE FLANK."

up-shore, and had made a good catch-mine

I am not sure but at this stage of the game was very good. It was my turn to do chores, Silver Tip thought he was as much pursued as and Brandt was after "one great whale." I pursuing, and that if I had given him time and have noticed that Brandt always is after "one a fair chance, he would have changed his mind great whale" whenever my catch is better than about me, and decided I was n't worth it. But

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I did n't. Something kept saying in my ear, chance. I fired and struck him amidships. "Shoot! Shoot!"

shoot over my head or behind my back or fired a second time, but only grazed him.

Bruin turned and snapped viciously at his I had a dim sort of realization that I could n't wound. On that, Flapjack nipped his ear. I



"AS I TURNED TO SHOOT HE ROSE TO HIS FEET ALMOST OVER ME."

under my feet, and take flying leaps at the same time about a tree. So I bolted for the next tree, then across the open space to the As I did so, Flapjack dashed from behind was going to do, and Bruin did n't. I say Bruin and nipped him in the flank. That dis-time-it was probably three seconds. As he traction gave me one extra second and my came at me, Flapjack dashed back and forth

He rushed me then so that I bolted to the next tree, meaning to turn there and shoot. third. I gained time by this; I knew what I

of reach. Bruin felt annoyed, dropped me to ripped along his muzzle, and bedded itself in his jaw. The roar he gave frightened me so that it literally fired my revolver! That bullet became part of the landscape.

"Two shots more!" flashed across my mind; "and two more such shots and it 's pussy-inthe-corner till I die."

Bruin was crazy, now, with rage and pain. Self-control was not one of his virtues. For two seconds Flapjack held the field. I repeated my triangle trick in that two seconds and with a quick start, ran between two trees, bolted for the open, and turned.

But I had miscalculated the bear's distance, or his speed. As I turned to shoot he rose to his feet almost over me, a mountain of sudden death.

And then little Flapjack did his great acttook one wild, flying leap plump into Bruin's chest, and fell flat on his own back. He recovered in a second - but a second too late. The mountain dropped on all-fours; a huge paw swung out, and little Flapjack went through the air like a shuttlecock.

That one second saved my life. The bear, with head down, faced me. I fired. The shot took him clean between the eyes. His great hulk lurched forward and literally fell on my feet.

I have no idea how long I stood there afterward, stock-still, turned to stone. I seemed to be waiting for Flapjack to do his act again - don't laugh, please; you'll know what it means.

between us, yapping and pirouetting just out take a flying leap and sing, "Yee-ap-yap!" I listened and listened for the "yee-ap-yap," but settle Flapjack, and I fired my third shot. It heard only a muffled thud, thud, thud, thudmy own heart. I wondered why, and why, and why he did n't come to congratulate me on the victory-our victory. Around me lay the soft silence of the forest, at my feet the huge prowler that had just meant death.

> Then, on a sudden, I heard a piteous little moan, and I came to myself-and I understood everything.

> I found him at the foot of a giant pine, twenty feet away.

I fell on my knees beside him.

"Flapjack, little dog!" I cried out.

And his beautiful, pain-filled eyes looked into mine and said, "If you're all right, that's all I care for!" and his little tongue feebly lapped my hand.

"Oh, dear little dog," I said; "you have given your life for mine. Bravest, truest heart in all the world! You saved your friend; do you know it? You won out!"

He tried to rise, but he was past rising ever again.

"Good-by, brave heart!" I said.

If, some day, you should find a promontory by a lonely Wyoming lake; find a giant pinetree and a pile of stone beneath; find on the great trunk a smooth-cut slab, and read the burnt-in letters,

FLAPJACK, Aug. 9, 1897,



A GOOD FAIRY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

OF all good fairies round the house, Good Nature is the sweetest; And where she fans her airy wings The moments fly the fleetest.

And other fairies, making cheer,
With her are gaily present;
They shine like sunbeams in the place,
And make mere living pleasant.

The smiles she gives are rosy light Shed softly on the wearer; They make a plain face something fair, And make a fair face fairer.

Before them dark Suspicion flies, And Envy follows after, And Jealousy forgets itself, And Gloom is lost in laughter.

Were there great genius or great power, Great wealth, great beauty offered, Let pass these fays, dear heart, but keep All the Good Nature proffered!



THE RANSOM OF BILLY.

By W. J. B. Moses.

ARTHUR was a very little boy and Billy's brother. He was also brother to the twins, both girls, who were older than Billy. Billy was a very lively boy with a most wonderful imagination, but Arthur believed every word that Billy said. Mrs. Norton, who was the mother of the twins and of Billy and of Arthur, and who was a widow, lived in a tiny framehouse, just back of the magnificent stone stable of Judge Corad, whose stately mansion crowned the hill. Billy's mother was often provoked by his mischief; but, except when she was very, chief source of income, she knew that there was really no harm in him.

On the day when Billy picked up a strap from the road at the foot of Judge Corad's hitching-post and was pursued to the door of his own dwelling by the irate coachman who happened to want the strap, she was tired and out of humor, and she added her own prophecies of awful things that would befall Billy if he continued to take things he was not sure did not belong to some one else.

Billy, whose imagination was set working by the reproaches of his mother and of the stableman, went into hiding in a secret cave of the house, where Miss Simpson, a sewingensconced himself as he imagined that the officers of the law, under the orders of the power-And from the depths of his retreat he conveyed to buy something for Miss Simpson with it. instructions in sepulchral whispers through the keyhole to the woe-laden Arthur concerning the necessity of secrecy, even in the event of torture, and concerning also supplies of food and part longer than he would otherwise have done.

It was in December, and the night came quickly. Just as the darkness began to gather and as Arthur's heart swelled to bursting with utter misery, he bethought himself, and inquired of his mother whether there were not some way in which Billy's fate could be averted. The good lady, utterly unaware of the horror that dwelt in the soul of the little one, and equally unconscious of the melodramatic actions of Billy and of his whereabouts, felt that it would not be wise to spoil a good lesson by saying that Billy would not be troubled by the officers very tired with the washing which formed her at all; and so she told Arthur that perhaps if some one were to go and pay Judge Corad for the strap Billy had taken, he would let him off. But she ended with a question as to where the money was to come from, which implied that she herself could not furnish it.

Now Arthur's ideas of the value of money were somewhat vague, but for some months he had been gradually accumulating a hoard for Christmas. This money consisted of a dime, a nickel, and five copper cents, and was the source of many very happy dreams. With it he meant to buy presents for all the family, for the first time in his life. Miss Simpson, from whom as payment for errands and other little constructed in the closet of the upstairs part services this money had been derived, had assured him that it was sufficient, and had even girl and Mrs: Norton's one lodger, kept her assisted him in deciding how it might be spent scanty supply of coal. Here, then, Billy darkly to advantage: the ten cents for a present for his mother, the nickel for a present for Billy, two of the copper cents for a present for each ful Judge Corad, would soon come in search of of the twins, and the fifth left over for himself, him to carry him away to years of captivity. though in his own mind Arthur had determined

II.

JUDGE CORAD, a very tall, black-bearded man, water to be conveyed to him if he should be put was seated in his library. He had just put in prison. Billy fell asleep, and so played his aside the papers with which he had been busy when a servant, entering, announced:

"A boy to see you, sir."

The great and awful being (as he seemed to Arthur) rose to his feet and looked down, blinking a little, - for the servant had turned on the electric lights, -at the little boy who stood before him.

"Well, sir, and what can I do for you?" he asked in a great, gruff voice which he meant to be kind. The judge loved all little children, and about this boy there was something of woe that struck him to the heart.

Arthur made several unsuccessful attempts at speech, and then, suddenly unclasping his tiny hand, thrust into the smooth palm of the judge certain small coins.

"Why, what 's this for?" asked the man.

"It 's to pay for Billy-what he stole," stammered the boy.

"Who is Billy? And what did he steal?"

"Billy 's my bruvver. He stole a strap 'longside your hitching-post; I don't b'lieve he knew it b'longed to you. We lives in the house back of your stable."

"Oh-h," said the judge, beginning to understand; "and did Billy give you the money to give to me?"

"No; it is my money to buy Chris'mus presents wif. Is there enough money?"

"Yes," said the judge, slowly; "more than enough. So you were going to buy Christmas presents, were you? And whom were you going to buy them for?"

"One for muvver wif the ten cents; one for Billy wif the five cents; one for the twins wif the two cents apiece; and one for Miss Simpson wif the other one cent."

Much to Arthur's surprise, but not to his consternation,-for the touch of the great man had kindness in it,-the judge stooped down, and gathering him up in his arms, sat down in the big chair with him. Then he rang a bell, and when a servant came in answer, said:

"Ask Miss Corad to come here."

his attention again to the boy in his lap.

"But if you pay all this money for Billy maybe you will not have any more to buy gifts little boy. with?"

trembled. All the bright dreams of the past money will be enough to pay for the strap

months seemed to flash before him and to go out in darkness.

"Which one of them all would you rather give a present to if you had some money left?"

"My muvver, because she works so hard and never has anything nice."

"And what would you get her?"

"A nice pink handk'ch'f what looks like silk but you can buy for ten cents, 'cause she has n't got anything pretty at all."



WELL, SIR, AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

Just then Arthur was conscious that a beau-When the servant had gone the man turned tiful young woman was standing beside them. Judge Corad explained something to her in very long words, and she smiled down at the

"Well," said the judge, taking ten cents The little fellow shook his head and his lips and handing it back to Arthur. "The other magazines and pile them up for me. Now if you would like to work for about an hour every day, I should n't wonder if you could earn as much money as you had before, or maybe a little more. Will you do it?"

"Yes," said Arthur. His heart was very light now. What a beautiful room that library was! He wondered why it had seemed so dark and gloomy when he first came in. What a pleasant man the judge was! He wondered why he had ever been afraid of him. Miss Corad, too, was certainly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"Well, then," said the judge, "it's a bargain. Suppose you come up to-morrow, about ten o'clock. I won't be home myself, but my little girl here will,"-Arthur wondered why he called her his little girl, - " and she will show you what to do. And I say," he added as the little fellow was about to go, "let 's make a secret of it, will you? Don't tell your folks that you are earning money, and then my little girl and I will go and help you buy the presents, and we 'll surprise them all. What do you say? Will you do it?"

"Yes," said Arthur. A surprise had been a part of his plan with Miss Simpson, too.

III.

THE great department-stores were certainly very wonderful. Arthur had seen much of their wonder before through the windows, but he had never been inside, and he had never expected to buy his Christmas presents in them. Miss Simpson had planned to buy from much smaller and, as far as Arthur's experience went, better-known stores of the neighborhood. The holiday goods which these little stores displayed were perhaps tawdry and mean, but they had seemed quite wonderful in his eyes. Now, hustled and jostled by a surging crowd of men, women, and other children, clinging in desperation, now

Billy took. When you go home you can tell little mind was bewildered, and his sensations him it is all settled. But there are five days were rather those of one who is making a maryet before Christmas, and I should n't wonder tyr of himself for the good of those whom he if you might be able to earn a little more loves, than of a child sight-seeing in a fairymoney in that time. I have been looking for land of toys. There were so many beautiful, a little boy of about your size to sort over some beautiful things; so many things that he would have gone into ecstasies over, could he have considered them one at a time; so many things that he knew would rejoice the heart of Billy and of his mother and of the twins, that he lost all appreciation of them and could not feel that they were real.

> Miss Corad was buying a great deal, and from time to time she asked Arthur questions concerning this and that, wondered if Billy would like a certain muffler, or if his mother would like a dress from a certain piece of cloth; but the little boy's answers had begun to grow so vague that she at last contented herself with her own judgment. Arthur knew that she was buying his gifts for him, and he had a dull sense of being wronged; for he could not tell, in the number of other things which she bought, just what had been purchased with the money he had earned from Judge Corad, nor could he tell for whom the things were intended.

He was very tired and very bewildered when they were through at last, and glad to get out into the dusk of the Christmas eve. It was pleasantly cold out of doors, and the stars were beginning to shine up in the sky and to light up the snow in a very Christmasy way. Besides, the numerous bundles which were carried out and put in the carriage had an air of delightful mystery about them; and once Miss Corad and he were out of the great bustle of the store, he could feel a certain sense of proprietorship in some of them. What they contained he was not very sure, but he knew that there were one or two things which had been strangely left out. The pink handkerchief for his mother was one of these. Miss Corad had told him that pink would not be becoming to so old a woman; and although Arthur had felt his heart swell with pain, he had found no words in which to plead his case, and Miss Corad, mistaking his silence for consent, had purchased something else instead.

There was one thing, by the way, which to Miss Corad's hand and now to her skirt, his Arthur had coveted for more than a month, and that was a sled. He had not dared to hope some way or other, one might be given to Billy. Timid little boy as he was, he had ventured to suggest such a thing to Miss Corad; but she had been strangely deaf to his hints,

indeed had hardly heard what he said, and had not at all understood the longing that was in his heart. If she had known about the glorious coasting on a certain hill; if she had known how many hours Arthur had stood watching the flying sleds, with the wild hope that some generous boy might some time offer to give him just one ride! But as it was, she did not understand at all.

IV.

It was quite dark, and all of the family were at home and ready for supper except Arthur; and Mrs. Norton was almost beginning to feel anxious about him. Billy suggested that he had been kidnapped and held for a reward of five million dollars, but this suggestion did not frighten Mrs. Norton much. She was more inclined to believe, with the twins, that he was over on the hill

simple supper was all prepared, and she was just on the point of sending Billy out in search of the missing one, a great tramping was heard in the hall, and before any one had time to wonder what it was, the door was flung open and Arthur appeared in the doorway, with Judge Corad, Miss Corad, and a couple of servants, all loaded with bundles and baskets.

Mrs. Norton, Billy, and the twins stared in for one for himself, but he had hoped that, in open-mouthed astonishment, while Judge Corad, who had shouted, "A merry Christmas!" when he opened the door, now advanced into the room, piled his packages on the table, and began to explain that they were presents from



44 MISS CORAD AND HER PATHER WERE ON THE POINT OF TAKING THEIR DEPARTURE, WHEN THE DOOR OPENED AND MISS SIMPSON APPEARED.

watching the boys slide. When at last the Arthur, who had been working for him to earn money for a week past. Mrs. Norton scarcely understood what he was saying, for she stood dumb and did not answer a word. The judge fell silent, too, feeling somehow that it was all rather awkward and lacking in the enthusiasm and joy which he had expected.

> Mrs. Norton now understood dimly that at last her own home was receiving the bounty of

the rich to give gifts lavishly to the poor, and she felt a struggle between her pride, which would have refused them, and her mother-love, which told her that for the sake of her children she had no right to do so. She began at last, in a rather lame fashion, to thank the judge and Miss Corad, and at their suggestion and with their assistance to unpack the baskets and open the packages. There were many things there which Arthur and Miss Corad had not purchased personally, for there were hams and two turkeys, coffee and tea and sugar, a sack of flour, apples and oranges, candy and nuts and raisins, and all sorts of groceries and provisions; then there were dresses and shawls for Mrs. Norton and the twins, besides other useful articles. But there was nothing purely ornamental for Mrs. Norton, nor was there a doll in the whole great heap of presents for either of the twins. Billy and Arthur were provided for, in much the same fashion, with warm clothes -overcoats, shoes, mufflers, neckties, mittens, and even books; but, of course, as Arthur knew, there was no sled.

Probably the twins were the most grateful and the least dazed of all the family, and they alone were able to make the little exclamations concerning the usefulness of the gifts and the goodness of the givers. Mrs. Norton tried to say something, too, but without very much success; and Billy and Arthur confined their remarks mainly to each other.

The confusion of unwrapping bundles, which lasted perhaps fifteen minutes, came to an end; opened again and Miss Simpson, thin-featured and Christmas joy flooded all their hearts.

the Christmas spirit which sometimes prompts and looking a little bit grim, appeared. In her arms she held five packages, the largest of which was very evidently a cheap boys' sled.

> "Here are just a few little things for your Christmas," she said. "This is for Arthur," and she stripped the brown paper from the sled and put it on the floor.

" O-oh!"

With a cry of delight the little boy sprang forward and clasped the sled in both arms.

"And this is for Billy."

It was only a cheap jack-knife, but the glow on Billy's cheeks attested that in his case, too, the sewing-girl had known his heart's desire.

For the twins there were two wonderful dolls, dressed by Miss Simpson herself from scraps of very fine goods indeed; and for Mrs. Norton there was a brilliant pink handkerchief and a little, gold-washed brooch which delighted the eyes of Arthur and Billy.

The judge and his daughter stood in wondering admiration at the reception accorded to Miss Simpson's simple and inexpensive gifts; but they had the good sense not to be envious.

"How well you know what to give!" said Miss Corad, slipping one arm about the girl's waist. "Your gifts are better than all of ours."

Then, all at once, Miss Simpson began to cry, and she was followed by Mrs. Norton, and she by Miss Corad; and then they all began to laugh and to laugh and to cry together; and the twins and the boys and Judge Corad laughed, too, though none of them knew why. And as they laughed, and as their eyes were wet with tears, the icy barrier that had stood throughout and Miss Corad and her father were on the the evening between the rich givers of gifts point of taking their departure, when the door and the poor receivers of them was melted,

A QUESTION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ark was made of gopher-wood; In it were gophers two. If you were to go for a gopher, would A gopher go for you? Clara Bradway Creveling.

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BETTY BARDEEN: HER SPELLING.

fast-table that morning he saw Betty's report- then she began to play with the dog. card tilted against his glass of water.

"Better sign it with your eyes shut, daddy," said Betty, with a gay little laugh. "Spelling's horrible, as usual!"

"What's that?" asked grandmother, glancing over her spectacles.

"Betty's school report for the month," answered Mr. Bardeen, handing it over.

"Oh!" grandmother exclaimed in a relieved tone as she studied the card. "You were joking. Spelling is marked 'P,' and that 's 'perfect.'"

A laugh went up from the whole table. "Think of Betty perfect in spelling!" cried thirteen-year-old Ted. "Guess grandma believes in miracles!" added eleven-year-old Alice. And little Betty herself enjoyed the joke as much as any one.

"I'm 'fraid times have changed since you went to school, grandma," she said. "'P' stands for 'poor' now'days!"

Grandmother laid down the card and looked at Betty's mother as if she were going to cry. "Marian," she said, "a child of yours marked 'poor' in spelling! A daughter of my daughter! Why, Betty," she went on solemnly, "you are nine years old! When your mother was your age, she spelled the whole school down -great, tall boys and all."

"I know that, grandma dear!" Betty admitted, with dimples in her pink cheeks and twinkles in her blue eyes. "I've heard it over an' over, but it does n't do a bit of good! Daddy says I 'm just uncorr'gible on spelling!"

"The idea!" said grandmother. "Well! I think I see what my work is to be this winter."

Grandmother had come to pay a long visit, but she did not wait one hour about that spelling. The first thing she did was to make Betty promise to bring home the lesson for next day; and, true to her word, Betty danced in at four o'clock and thrust a twisted roll of paper into grandmother's hand.

"There are the words, grandma!" she cried. ma," said Betty, blankly.

WHEN Mr. Bardeen sat down at the break- "I copied them from the board for you." And

Grandmother unrolled the long, narrow slip of paper. The first word she saw at the top was "G-u-s-s-i-p."

"Gussip!" she exclaimed. "Betty Bardeen, do you spell 'gossip' with a 'u'?"

"'Course not!" apologized Betty, with her arms around 'Prince's' shaggy neck. "I meant g-a-s-s-i-p!"

"Gassip!" pronounced grandmother, sternly.

"Oh, yes, g-e-s-s-i-p!" corrected Betty, brightly.

"Gessip!"

" G-i-s-s-i-p, then!"

"Gissip!"

"Not g-o-s-s-i-p?" ventured Betty at that, very faintly.

"Mercy! - mercy! - mercy!" cried grandmother. "It all comes of their outlandish methods of teaching nowadays!" And then she began her work with Betty.

Every night after school, and every morning before school, they spelled the lesson over and over. Betty loved her grandmother dearly, and was ready to do anything - even this foolish spelling — to please her; but the bother was that, after getting the letters of a word right ten, or even twenty, times, she was just as likely to get it all wrong again the next minute!

One day they had a very hard lesson, full of geography names, and Betty and grandmother worked at it all the evening. The next noon Betty came in to luncheon with a shining.

"Guess you're proud of me now, grandma!" she began. "I 'membered every word - even Trinidad! And I 'm the only one in the class that got it right.

"Spell it now," commanded grandmother.

"T-r-i-n-r-a-i-d-a-d!" spelled Betty - and such a shout as Ted and Alice gave! Even daddy and mama laughed, too; they could n't help it! Only grandmother looked solemn.

"You told me to 'member that 'r-a-i,' grand-

raiso," answered grandmother, and Ted and in the class who had misspelled the easy word Alice laughed again.

her face into her hands, and sobbed out: "Oh, dear, what shall I do? I must spell, an' I can't - I must, an' I can't! Oh, dear!"



"Don't laugh, Alice," said her mother. "Be quiet, Ted! There, Betty; never mind!"

But grandmother said wisely: "Don't worry, Marian. She'll learn to spell now. This is got a word right or not."

did was to make a talk before the whole room report-card again, will we?"

"I know; but, darling, that was in 'Valpa- about a certain careless little girl, the only one "Trinidad" that morning. She did not speak It was too much! Poor little Betty dropped Betty's name, but every one knew whom she meant; and she went on to say that this same little girl was bright enough in her other studies, but so heedless about her spelling that it

> looked as if her class would have to leave her behind, all because she would not try.

> Betty was very miserable. She looked for her nice little handkerchief,- the one her grandmother had given her, with a "B" in the corner, - and secretly wiped her eyes.

Then the geography class was called, and the very first question asked was, "What is the chief seaport of Chile?"

Not one of the class knew. Betty stopped crying as she heard one after another give the wrong answer. When the last one had failed, she lifted up her head. "Valparaiso!" she called out.

That 's right, Betty," said her teacher, kindly. "If you could only spell it, too," she added, shaking her head.

"V-a-l-p-a-r-a-i-s-o!" promptly answered the excited Betty.

"Good!" cried the teacher, clapping her hands right out in school. "Why, Betty Bardeen, -good!" And Betty sat up straight, the proudest, happiest little girl in the room.

"I 'll just show people that I can spell!" she said to herself that afternoon as she studied the words of the next day's lesson.

When the time came for her to recite them the first time she ever really cared whether she in the evening, grandmother laughed out with delight. "Every one right, you precious child!" Betty wiped her eyes and went back to school she cried, giving her a hug. "Now, Betty, with a long face, and the first thing her teacher we'll never, never have 'Spelling, poor' on that

Grace Ethelwyn Cody.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By HELEN NICOLAY.

instalment tells how Lincoln was saved from being a blacksmith and how he became a lawyer; of his election to the Illinois State legislature and of the novel methods he used to win voters to his side; and it sets forth the rugged, unswerving honesty of Lincoln's character.-EDITOR.

III.

LAWYER LINCOLN.

UNLUCKY as Lincoln's attempt at storekeeping had been, it served one good purpose. Indeed, in a way it may be said to have determined his whole future career. He had had a hard struggle to decide between becoming a blacksmith or a lawyer; and when chance seemed to offer a middle course, and he tried to be a merchant, the wish to study law had certainly not faded from his mind.

During the time the store was running its downward course from bad to worse, he devoted a large part of his too abundant leisure to reading and study of various kinds. People who knew him then have told how he would lie for hours under a great oak-tree that grew just outside the store door, poring over his book, and "grinding around with the shade" as it shifted from north to east.

Lincoln's habit of reading was still further encouraged by his being appointed postmaster of New Salem on May 7, 1833, an office he held for about three years - until New Salem grew too small to have a post-office of its own, and the mail was sent to a neighboring town. The office was so insignificant that according to popular fable it had no fixed abiding-place, Lincoln being supposed to carry it about with him in his hat! It was, however, large enough to bring him a certain amount of consideration, and, what pleased him still better, plenty of newspapers to read - newspapers that just then were full of the exciting debates of Clay and Webster, and other great men in Congress.

now and then into his hands. In the scarcity of money on the frontier, this had an importance hard for us to realize. A portion of this money, of course, belonged to the government. That he used only what was rightfully his own we could be very sure even if a sequel to this post-office experience were not known which shows his scrupulous honesty where government funds were concerned. Years later, after he had become a practising lawyer in Springfield, an agent of the Post-office Department called upon him in his office one day to collect a balance due from the New Salem post-office, amounting to about seventeen dollars. A shade of perplexity passed over his face, and a friend, sitting by, offered to lend him the money if he did not at the moment have it with him. Without answering, Lincoln rose, and going to a little trunk that stood by the wall, opened it and took out the exact sum, carefully done up in a small package. "I never use any man's money but my own," he quietly remarked, after the agent had gone.

Soon after he was raised to the dignity of postmaster another piece of good fortune came in his way. Sangamon County covered a territory some forty miles long by fifty wide, and almost every citizen in it seemed intent on buying or selling land, laying out new roads, or locating some future city. John Calhoun, the county surveyor, therefore, found himself with far more work than he could personally attend to, and had to appoint deputies to assist him. Learning the high esteem in which Lincoln was held by the people of New Salem, he wisely concluded to make him a deputy, although The rate of postage on letters was still twenty- they differed in politics. It was a flattering five cents, and small as the earnings of the office offer, and Lincoln accepted gladly. Of course undoubtedly were, a little change found its way he knew almost nothing about surveying, but

it." The surveyor, who was a man of talent and service of the poor and needy. education, not only gave Lincoln the appointto study the art. Lincoln carried the book to his friend Mentor Graham, and "went at it" to such purpose that in six weeks he was ready to begin the practice of his new profession. Like Washington, who, it will be remembered, followed the same calling in his youth, he became an excellent surveyor.

out," to use his own quaint phrase; and although the surveying and his post-office supplied his daily needs, they left absolutely nothing toward paying his "National Debt." Some of his creditors began to get uneasy, and in the latter part of 1834 a man named Van Bergen, ing to trust him any longer, had his horse, saddle, and surveying-instruments seized by the sheriff and sold at public auction, thus sweeping away the means by which, as he said, he "procured bread and kept soul and body together." Even in this strait his known honesty proved his salvation. Out of pure friendliness, James Short bought in the property and gave it back to the young surveyor, allowing him time to repay.

It took Lincoln seventeen years to get rid of his troublesome "National Debt," the last instalhis term of service in Congress at Washington; rigid economy, and unflinching fidelity to his promises that earned for him the title of "honest old Abe," which proved of such inestimable value to himself and his country.

During all this time of trial and disappointment he never lost his courage, his steady, persevering industry, or his determination to succeed. He was not too proud to accept any honest employment that offered itself. He would go into the harvest-field and work there when other tasks were not pressing, or use his clerkly hand to straighten up a neglected ledger; and his lively humor, as well as his industry, made him a welcome guest at any

he got a compass and chain, and, as he tells us, be doing, he was never too busy to help a "studied Flint and Gibson a little, and went at neighbor. His strong arm was always at the

Two years after his defeat for the legislature ment, but, it is said, lent him the book in which there was another election. His friends and acquaintances in the county had increased, and, since he had received such a flattering vote the first time, it was but natural that he should wish to try again. He began his campaign in April, giving himself full three months for electioneering. It was customary in those days for candidates to attend all manner of neighbor-Lincoln's store had by this time "winked hood gatherings - "raisings" of new cabins, horse-races, shooting-matches, auctions - anything that served to call the settlers together; and it was social popularity, quite as much as ability to discuss political questions, that carried weight with such assemblies. Lincoln, it is needless to say, was in his element. He might who held one of the Lincoln-Berry notes, refus- be called upon to act as judge in a horse-race, or to make a speech upon the Constitution! He



LINCOLN'S SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS AND SADDLE-BAG. In the possession of the Lincoln Monument Collection.

ment not being paid until after his return from could do both. As a laughing peacemaker between two quarrelsome patriots he had no but it was these seventeen years of industry, equal; and as contestant in an impromptu match at quoit-throwing, or lifting heavy weights, his native tact and strong arm served him equally well. Candidates also visited farms and outlying settlements, where they were sometimes unexpectedly called upon to show their mettle and muscle in more useful labor. One farmer has recorded how Lincoln "came to my house near Island Grove during harvest. There were some thirty men in the field. He got his dinner, and went out in the field where the men were at work. I gave him an introduction, and the boys said that they could not vote for a man unless he could make a hand. 'Well, boys,' said he, 'if that is all, I am sure farm-house in the county. Whatever he might of your votes.' He took hold of the cradle and

led the way all round the field with perfect ease. The boys were satisfied, and I don't think he lost a vote in the crowd."

Sometimes two or more candidates would meet at such places, and short speeches would be called for and given, the harvesters throwing down their scythes meanwhile to listen, and enlivening the occasion with keen criticisms of the method and logic of the rival orators. Altogether the campaign was more spirited than that of two years before. Again there were thirteen candidates for the four places; but this time, when the election was over, it was found that only one man in the long list had received more votes than Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln's election to the legislature of Illinois in August, 1834, marks the end of the pioneer period of his life. He was done now with the wild carelessness of the woods, with the rough jollity of Clary's Grove, with odd jobs for his daily bread - with all the details of frontier poverty. He continued for years to bea very poor man, harassed by debts he was constantly laboring to pay, and sometimes absolutely without money: but from this time on he met and worked with men of wider knowledge and better-trained minds than those he had known in Gentryville and New Salem; while the simple social life of Vandalia, where he went to attend the sessions of the legislature, was more elegant than anything he had yet seen.

It must be frankly admitted that his success at this election was a most important event in his life. Another failure might have discouraged even his hopeful spirit, and sent him to the blacksmith-shop to make wagon-tires and shoe horses for the balance of his days. With this flattering vote to his credit, however, he could be very sure that he had made a wise choice between the forge and the lawyer's desk. At first he did not come into special notice in the legislature. He wore, according to the custom of the time, a decent suit of blue jeans, and was known simply as a rather quiet young man, good-natured and sensible. Soon people began to realize that he was a man to be reckoned with in the politics of the county and the State. He was reëlected in 1836, 1838, and 1840, and thus for eight years had a full share in shaping the public laws of Illinois. The Illinois legislature may indeed be called the school wherein he learned that extraordinary skill and wisdom in statesmanship which he exhibited in later years. In 1838 and 1840 all the Whig members of the Illinois House of Representatives gave him their vote for Speaker, but, the Democrats being in a majority, could not elect him.

His campaign expenses were small enough to suit the most exacting. It is recorded that at one time some of the leading Whigs made up a purse of two hundred dollars to pay his personal expenses. After the election he returned the sum of \$199.25, with the request that it be given back to the subscribers. "I did not need the money," he explained. "I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment, being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider, which some farm-hands insisted I should treat them to."

One act of his while a member of the legislature requires special mention because of the great events of his after-life. Even at that early date, nearly a quarter of a century before the beginning of the Civil War, slavery was proving a cause of much trouble and ill-will. "The abolitionists," as the people were called who wished the slaves to be free, and the "pro-slavery" men, who approved of keeping them in bondage, had already come to wordy war. Illinois was a free State, but many of its people preferred slavery, and took every opportunity of making their wishes known. In 1837 the legislature passed a set of resolutions "highly disapproving abolition societies." Lincoln and five others voted against it; but, not content with this, Lincoln also drew up a paper protesting against the passage of such a resolution and stating his views on slavery. They were not extreme views. Though declaring slavery to be an evil, he did not insist that the black people ought to be set free. But so strong was the popular feeling against anything approaching "abolitionism" that only one man out of the five who voted against the resolution had the courage to sign this protest with him. Lincoln was young, poor, and in need of all the good-will at his command. Nobody could have blamed him for leaving it unwritten; yet he felt the wrong of slavery so keenly that he could not keep

silent merely because the views he held happened to be unpopular; and this protest, signed by him and Dan Stone, has come down to us, the first notable public act in the great career that made his name immortal.

legislature he had been working away at the law. Even before his first election his friend, John T. Stuart, who had been major of volunteers in the Black Hawk War while Lincoln was captain, and who, like Lincoln, had reënlisted in the Independent Spy Battalion, had given him hearty encouragement. Stuart was now prac-



THE BUILDING IN WHICH LINCOLN AND STUART HAD THEIR LAW OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD

tising law in Springfield. After the campaign was over, Lincoln borrowed the necessary books of Stuart, and entered upon the study in good earnest. According to his own statement, "he studied with nobody. . . . In the autumn of 1836 he obtained a law license, and on April 15, 1837, removed to Springfield and commenced the practice, his old friend Stuart taking him into partnership."

Lincoln had already endeared himself to the people of Springfield by championing a project they had much at heart - the removal of the State capital from Vandalia to their own town. This was accomplished, largely through his

efforts, about the time he went to Springfield to live. This change from New Salem, a village of fifteen or twenty houses, to a "city" of two thousand inhabitants, placed him once more in striking new relations as to dress, manners, During the eight years that he was in the and society. Yet, as in the case of his removal from his father's cabin to New Salem six years earlier, the change was not so startling as would at first appear. In spite of its larger population and its ambition as the new State capital, Springfield was as yet in many ways no great improvement upon New Salem. It had no public buildings, its streets and sidewalks were still unpaved, and business of all kinds was laboring under the burden of hard times.

As for himself, although he now owned a license to practise law, it was still a question how well he would succeed - whether his rugged mind and firm purpose could win him the livelihood he desired, or whether, after all, he would be forced to turn his strong muscles to account in earning his daily bread. Usually so hopeful, there were times when he was greatly depressed. His friend William Butler relates how, as they were riding together on horseback from Vandalia to Springfield at the close of a session of the legislature, Lincoln, in one of these gloomy moods, told him of the almost hopeless prospect that lay immediately before him. The session was over, his salary was all drawn, the money all spent; he had no work, and did not know where to turn to earn even a week's board. Butler bade him be of good cheer, and, kind, practical friend that he was, took him and his belongings to his own home, keeping him there for a time as his guest. His most intimate friend of those days, Joshua F. Speed, tells us that soon after riding into the new capital on a borrowed horse, with all his earthly possessions packed in a pair of saddlebags, Lincoln entered the store owned by Speed, the saddle-bags over his arm, to ask the price of a single bed with its necessary coverings and pillows. His question being answered, he remarked that very likely that was cheap enough, but, small as the price was, he was unable to pay it; adding that if Speed was willing to credit him until Christmas, and his experiment as a lawyer proved a success, he would pay then. "If I fail in this," he said sadly, "I do

not know that I can ever pay you." Speed thought he had never seen such a sorrowful face. He suggested that instead of going into debt, Lincoln might share his own roomy quarters over the store, assuring him that if he chose to accept the offer, he would be very welcome.

"Where is your room?" Lincoln asked

" Upstairs," and the young merchant pointed to a flight of winding steps leading from the store to the room overhead.

Lincoln picked up the saddle-bags, went upstairs, set them down on the floor, and reappeared a moment later, beaming with pleasure.

"Well, Speed," he exclaimed, "I am moved!" It is seldom that heartier, truer friendships come to a man than came to Lincoln in the course of his life. On the other hand, no one ever deserved better of his fellow-men than he did; and it is pleasant to know that such brotherly aid as Butler and Speed were able to give him, offered in all sincerity and accepted in a spirit that left no sense of galling obligation on either side, helped the young lawyer over present difficulties and made it possible for him to keep on in the career he had marked out for himself.

The lawyer who works his way up from a five-dollar fee in a suit before a justice of the peace, to a five-thousand-dollar fee before the Supreme Court of his State, has a long and hard path to climb. Lincoln climbed this path for twenty-five years, with industry, perseverance, patience - above all, with that self-control and keen sense of right and wrong which always clearly traced the dividing line between his duty to his client and his duty to society and truth. His perfect frankness of statement assured him the confidence of judge and jury in every argument. His habit of fully admitting the weak points in his case gained him their close attention to his strong ones, and when clients brought him questionable cases his advice was always not to bring suit.

"Yes," he once said to a man who offered him such a case; "there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can

children, and thereby gain for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man, I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

He would have nothing to do with the "tricks" of the profession, though he met these readily enough when practised by others. He never knowingly undertook a case in which justice was on the side of his opponent. That same inconvenient honesty which prompted him, in his store-keeping days, to close the shop and go in search of a woman he had innocently defrauded of a few ounces of tea while weighing out her groceries, made it impossible for him to do his best with a poor case. "Swett," he once exclaimed, turning suddenly to his associate, "the man is guilty; you defend him - I can't," and gave up his share of a large fee.

After his death some notes were found, written in his own hand, that had evidently been intended for a little lecture or talk to law students. They set forth forcibly, in a few words, his idea of what a lawyer ought to be and to do. He earnestly commends diligence in study, and, after diligence, promptness in keeping up the work. "As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance," he says, "nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something were still in prospect for you as well as for your client." Speech-making should be practised and cultivated. "It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make a speech. And yet, there is no more fatal error to young lawyers than relying too much on speech-making. If any one, upon his rare powers of speaking, shall claim an exception from the drudgery of the law, his case is a failure in advance." Discourage going to law. "Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless real loser - in fees, expenses, and waste of



"'WELL, BOYS,' SAID HE, 'IF THAT IS ALL, I AM SURE OF YOUR VOTES.' HE TOOK HOLD OF THE CRADLE AND LED THE WAY ALL ROUND THE FIELD WITH PERFECT EASE."

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time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough." "There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. . . . Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to this popular belief. Resolve to be honest at all events; and if, in your own judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."

While becoming a lawyer, Lincoln still remained a politician. In those early days in the West, the two occupations went hand in hand, almost of necessity. Laws had to be newly made to fit the needs of the new settlements, and therefore a large proportion of lawyers was sent to the State legislature. In the summer these same lawyers went about the State, practising before the circuit courts, Illinois being divided into what were called judicial circuits, each taking in several counties, and sometimes covering territory more than a hundred miles square. Springfield and the neighboring towns were in the eighth judicial circuit. Twice a year the circuit judge traveled from one countyseat to another, the lawyers who had business before the court following also. As newspapers were neither plentiful nor widely read, members of the legislature were often called upon, while on these journeys, to explain the laws they had helped to make during the previous winter, and thus became the political teachers of the people. They had to be well informed and watchful. When, like Mr. Lincoln, they were witty, and had a fund of interesting stories besides, they were sure of a welcome and a hearing in the court-room, or in the social gatherings that roused the various little towns during "court week" into a liveliness quite out of the comthe lawyers being put in what were left, late marriage.

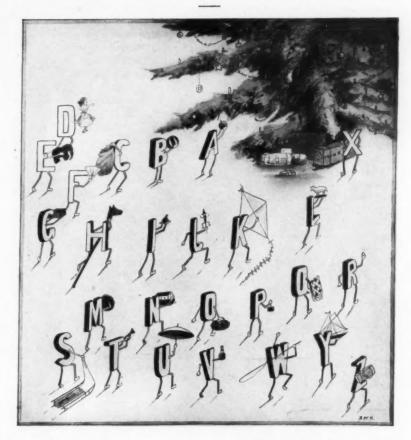
comers being lucky to find even a sleepingplace on the floor. When not occupied in court, or preparing cases for the morrow, they would sit in the public room, or carry their chairs out on the sidewalk in front, exchanging stories and anecdotes, or pieces of political wisdom, while men from the town and surrounding farms, dropping in on one pretext or another, found excuse to linger and join in the talk. At meal-times the judge presided at the head of the long hotel table, on which the food was abundant if not always wholesome, and around which lawyers, jurors, witnesses, prisoners out on bail, and the men who drove the teams, gathered in friendly equality. Stories of what Mr. Lincoln did and said on the eighth judicial circuit are still quoted almost with the force of law; for in this close companionship men came to know each other thoroughly, and were judged at their true value professionally, as well as for their power to entertain.

It was only in worldly wealth that Lincoln was poor. He could hold his own with the best on the eighth judicial circuit, or anywhere else in the State. He made friends wherever he went. In politics, in daily conversation, in his work as a lawyer, his life was gradually broadening. Slowly but surely, too, his gifts as an attractive public speaker were becoming known. In 1837 he wrote and delivered before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield an able address on "Temperance." In December, 1839, Stephen A. Douglas, the most brilliant of the young Democrats then in Springfield, challenged the young Whigs of the town to a tournament of political speech-making, in which Lincoln bore a full and successful share.

The man who could not pay a week's board bill was again elected to the legislature, was invited to public banquets and toasted by name, became a popular speaker, moved in the mon. The tavern would be crowded to its best society of the new capital, and made, as utmost - the judge having the best room, and his friends and neighbors declared, a brilliant

(To be continued.)

THE ALPHABET'S CHRISTMAS TREE.



THE Alphabet a meeting held
As Christmas-time drew near,
And voted each a gift to bring
To please the children dear.

"They try so hard," the letters said,
"To learn us by our names;
We 'll give them presents, every one,
Of candy, balls, and games."

So Christmas eve they one and all Came, bringing in high glee Their presents large and presents small To hang upon the tree. A brought an apple, round and red, And B, a bouncing ball; While C a bag of candy gave— Enough to feed them all.

D carried in his arms a doll
With shining, golden hair;
And E, a cotton elephant
Came bringing with great care.

F had a fan from far Japan,
And G a funny game;
H boldly rode a hobby-horse,
A racer of great fame.

I held an inkstand in his hand, "A useful thing," he said; J waved on high a jumping-jack, All painted black and red.

K thought a kite the proper thing; A lamb L held aloft; M's present was a little muff Of fur so warm and soft!

N proudly bore a Noah's Ark, Filled up with creatures queer; O felt that yellow oranges Would bring the best of cheer.

"A purse," said P, " will look so well Up there upon the tree"; Q brought a quilt for dolly's crib -A thoughtful Q was he.

R gave a pretty ruby ring With sparkling deep-red glow; S dragged along a brand-new sled To coast upon the snow.

Loudly upon a trumpet blew The valiant letter T; U held a strange umbrella up, Unfurled for all to see.

A dainty vase V's gift appeared, Of crystal glass so clear; "A whip," said lively W, "Is handy to have near."

But X's present was so large He sent it by express, And what was in it no one knew, Although they tried to guess.

Y had a gaily painted yacht With every part complete; Z bore a zither, "which," he said, "Would furnish music sweet,"

How merrily the children danced Around the tree next day; While safe within the primer all The little letters lay!

Diantha W. Horne.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

By AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER V.

SUE'S WIGWAM.

"Your wigwam 's perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Fanny Spencer, making room on the divan for Belle Wilkin and Mildred Warner.

"Gorgeous!" cried Avis Taylor, dropping among the scarlet pillows in the window-seat beside Kitty Norris; "and oh, Sue, you just belong in it, with that dark, proud face of yours."

"I never heard of a curly-haired, turn-upnosed Indian in my life, Avis," laughed Sue, as she gave Martha Cutting the only chair and natured, that they had lost their hearts to seated herself on the floor, "But for all that, her completely. Her slang, her impetuosity, I wish I had been born one. Anyway, I shall her very audacity, had made her only the be as near one as I can. I've changed my more attractive to these girls, who had lived

name to S-I-O-U-X, and I shall have it on my calling-cards. Won't that be stunning? If you write to me, don't forget to address me so. My! what a glorious life it must be! - ponies, tepees, beadwork, and all that, you know," she ended a little vaguely. "I should just love tearing along over the prairie on an unbroken mustang, chasing a buffalo or a cowboy, or something."

The girls of Monroe had fallen in love with Sue at first sight. She was so care-free, so pretty and enthusiastic, so jolly and good-

all their quiet lives in a sleepy old town. It body else. When I was a little thing I always was with the greatest pleasure that they had hated to have Martha see my Christmas presaccepted Sue's invitation to spend the afternoon ents, for by the time she got through with them with her at Cherryfair and see for the first time you could n't see them with a microscope. She her wigwam, and yet it was with dismay that dwarfs everything she looks at. She goes



"1 'VE CHANGED MY NAME TO S-I-O-U-X."

cluded in the invitation, although Sue had never end of the opera-glass; and, what 's worse, she met her, for Martha had just returned from makes you look through it, too." Dexter.

had whispered, as she and Kitty Norris, perched up in her leafy study in the old sweetingon her high and mighty air and measure Sue all the same, I wish Sue had n't asked her." with her little foot-rule, just as she does every-

they had found that Martha Cutting was in- through the world looking through the wrong

"You mean she looks through the wrong "She'll just spoil everything," Fanny Spencer end at your possessions. I 've always noticed that anything concerning herself looms up full size. "Well," laughed Kitty, "it will take more tree, toiled over their geometry. "She will put than her foot-rule to dwarf Sue Roberts. But,

Sue found herself wishing so, too, though she

could n't quite tell why, for the pretty little to look through Martha's opera-glass, and I blonde with the big blue eyes and rose-leaf just won't!" complexion had been almost gushing in her greeting. But, someway, Sue wished, before many minutes were over, that she had n't put on the little beaded moccasins, nor let her hair hang down in two long braids, nor worn her scarlet duck suit with the many strings of beads around her neck. When she had dressed herself so gaily, she had only felt the fun of it all to her very finger-tips and she knew that the girls would enjoy it too. But now, in spite of the other girls' enthusiastic praise, when Martha's round eyes fell upon her she felt she was only a very silly girl, in a very silly masquerade, and she wished with all her heart she had worn her white shirt-waist suit and her hair in a club.

"It must be lovely to live in the wilds like that," sighed Mildred, tossing her hat on the floor and settling herself more comfortably. "I never saw an Indian in my life, but they sound awfully romantic."

"I saw several once at Dexter," said Martha Cutting. "There was nothing remarkable about them, except that they were marvelously dirty. I did n't know," went on Martha, "that the squaws ever hunted buffalo; I thought they did all the work and hoed the corn."

"What an awful set of Indians you must have known, Miss Cutting!" protested Sue, goodnaturedly. "Now, my ideal of an Indian is the real, true, noble red man - all courage and romance. You may be right and I wrong, since, like Mildred, I never saw one; but I like my imaginary ones better than your real ones."

"Yes, indeed; we all do. Just think of Hiawatha! The blanket on this divan is too beautiful to sit on, Sue," said Avis. "I'd hang it on the wall for a picture. What a dear your aunt was to send all these pretty things to you!"

"Was n't she a regular peach of an aunty!" said Sue, enthusiastically.

At this luckless speech Fanny flushed, for she saw Martha slightly raise her eyebrows, though her smile never changed. She was already passing judgment, - there could be no doubt of that, - and for the first time Sue's picturesque language grated on Fanny's ear. If Sue only would n't!

But Sue's personality was beginning to tell upon her critical guest. One could n't criticize all the time a girl who knew how to be so charming to her friends and who was so good to look at. The cool breeze came stealing through the window to lift the little curls that had escaped about Sue's piquant face, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks flushed as she laughed and chatted, and Martha, in spite of herself, was swept along in the gay rush of Sue's goodfellowship.

It was while she was serving the sandwiches and iced tea that Mandy had just brought up that Sue related her astonishing adventure with the pony-carriage.

"Of course, I looked like a perfect idiot," she said, as she finished her tale—she had withheld the rude word "native" lest it hurt her guests. "But that boy was simply horrid, while she was the most charming girl! Now does anybody know who they were?"

"Why, certainly," they all cried at once. "It was Virginia Clayton and her brother Thad."

"And you are a lucky young woman," laughed Kitty, "that they deigned to speak at all. It 's a wonder they did n't run right over you with a haughty smile. They are the Claytons, with the biggest kind of a C. Martha is the only one of us who has ever met them."

"But who are they?" asked Sue, bewildered, not knowing how much was Kitty's mischief and how much truth. "I've never heard a soul mention them. The girl is a perfect dear, and not in the least stuck up."

"Well, you see," explained Martha, "they are the children of Dr. Howard Clayton, the scientist. They are very wealthy, their home is in New York, and they come out here to Kinikinnick, their beautiful country home, for a month or so every spring. This year Thad was very ill, so they have been here all summer. Mrs. Marshall, their aunt, lives there most of the time; and as my aunt in Dexter was an old school friend of hers, I went there with her to call. Mrs. Clayton is dead, and there are only the two children."

" Is n't Miss Clayton the loveliest girl!" broke "Oh, dear," thought Fanny; "I'm beginning in Sue. "I loved her the moment I saw her. tl

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She is so sweet and simple, and yet has such a lot of style."

"She has been everywhere, and had so many opportunities," interposed Avis; "but she is n't half so pretty as you are, Sue."

"Thank you," laughed Sue, with a sweeping bow. "But don't make me biggity, for I can't hold a candle to her."

"She is exquisitely refined and ladylike," remarked Martha, pointedly. "I can't imagine her using a word of slang." Sue flushed, but Martha went on calmly: "Yet I don't really care for her. She is as cold as ice, and she has n't a spark of fun in her; but her brother—he is very clever, and his father's idol—was lovely to me."

"Why, Martha Cutting!" returned Belle Wilkin, helping herself to another sandwich. "Everybody says he's so cross. Look how he behaved to Sue! And he is a regular tyrant to Virginia — you told me so yourself."

"To his sister, perhaps," replied Martha, glancing out coyly from under her long lashes, and shrugging her shoulders. "But to me he was charming. He took me to see the rosegarden and the greenhouses, and said he was so sorry he was not strong enough for a game of tennis."

"Mortal good thing for you was n't it, Mattie?" chuckled Kitty, wickedly. "You don't know the racket from the net, do you?" For Martha hated games, and hated still more to be called "Mattie."

Sue, feeling there was something wrong with the atmosphere, sprang to her feet and made a sudden dive into her closet. "Oh, girls," she cried," "I 've got something here I want to show you. If any one of you can identify it or prove property, she shall have — well, my prettiest pair of baby moccasins. Now, don't all speak at once," and Sue emerged with the pink sunbonnet perched on her head.

"Why, Martha Cutting," ejaculated Avis, "it is exactly like that blue one of yours! It is —why, of course, it is Virginia Clayton's golfbonnet that you copied! Sue Roberts, where did you get it?"

"It certainly is like the one Miss Clayton wore on that afternoon I spent with her at Kinikinnick," admitted Martha, reluctantly.

"Then," gasped Sue—"oh, girls, then Virginia Clayton is my parsley-girl! Would n't that jar you!"

"Nonsense, Sue Roberts, nonsense!" expostulated Fanny and Belle.

"Why, Sue, you don't understand," protested Avis. "She is the most uppish girl you ever heard of. When we all went out to call on her, Mrs. Marshall asked that we excuse her, as she was engaged, if you please. Why, she never has a thing to do with us."

"Parsley-girl!" inquired Martha, in bewilderment. "Virginia Clayton a parsley-girl!"

"Do tell her all about it, Sue, and where did you get the bonnet!" begged Kitty Norris.

Then Sue told again the whole story of the pretty greetings at their first home-coming to Cherryfair, and then of the second visit, the finding of the bonnet, and of the girl who had waved her hand to Peggy as she climbed the fence.

"Here is the bonnet and here are the verses," and Sue opened the drawer to her desk. "They are on plain white cards, you see; there is nothing to identify her."

"The fence is just this side of the maplegrove," mused Fanny. "It is only—but then it is perfectly impossible to believe that a girl like Virginia Clayton would do anything as friendly and dear and human—and yet—"

"And yet, Fan, we don't know a thing about her, really," argued Avis. "We just have each thought things and said them until we really believe them, and all the time she may be a darling of a girl. What do you think, Martha?"

"It is utterly impossible," replied Martha, decidedly. "The bonnet does look like Miss Clayton's. But what of that? Hundreds of girls have pink sunbonnets. We don't any of us know her handwriting, and all we do know is that a girl climbed a fence toward Kinikinnick. She never has taken any interest in our church. And how would she know Miss Roberts's name and the names of her sisters, and about the scarlet apron and the black eyes, and how could she have gotten all that stuff here from Kinikinnick, a quarter of a mile away? Why, it is perfectly ridiculous! I would n't be at all surprised if it was Nan Blodget or Cynthia Hall; you know they live in the same direction."

"That is so likely!" scoffed Kitty. "Imagine Nan Blodget with a bonnet like that, or Cynthia Hall writing verses! Try again, Martha. Was n't it Bridget O'Hara or old Farmer Dent?"

"Don't be absurd, Kitty!" returned Martha, haughtily. "You know you yourself don't believe Virginia Clayton has been spying around here."

"Spying!" retorted Sue, hotly. "Spying! Why, it was lovely kindness that she did! Why do you call that spying? I'm not a detective, or I should have found her long ago; but I firmly believe that when I do find my parsleygirl, it will be at Kinikinnick."

"And I am just as certain you will not," declared Martha, stubbornly. She had been very proud of the fact that she alone of the Monroe girls knew the Claytons, and she had no desire to share the honor.

But just at that moment Mandy threw open the door and said in a shrill whisper:

"Here is another young lady, Miss Sue, an' I brought her right up. I guess you will be needin' some more sandwidges, too, so you better give me the plate an' I 'll get 'em."

And there, just behind Mandy, with cheeks flushed, her dark eyes on Sue, stood Virginia Clayton.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARSLEY-GIRL.

"I AM so sorry — so very sorry," faltered Virginia; "I did not dream, from what the maid said, that you were having a party."

"I'm not," exclaimed Sue, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, as she went eagerly forward with both hands outstretched. "I'm just having a little afternoon with my friends, and I can't tell you how glad I am that Mandy brought you right up. We were just this moment talking of you—at least I was," she added, with a merry laugh. "I was protesting—but there you came just in the nick of time to claim—" and Sue snatched up the little pink bonnet.

"My golf-bonnet!" finished Virginia, smilingly, her face all rosy with blushes.

"Then you are — you are my parsley-girl! I never can tell you — but there, I sha'n't try! Please, may I kiss you?"

"Indeed you may," laughed Virginia, running straight into Sue's outstretched arms; "but what will your friends think of me?"

"Oh, they all know how I have been pining for my parsley-girl. And now you must allow me to introduce you. I think you have met Miss Cutting."

And before Virginia quite understood it all, she was sitting between Kitty and Avis, sipping her tea, and feeling herself delightfully at home.

Fanny was stifling with laughter at the sight of Martha's face. So this was the block of ice, the haughty aristocrat—this bright-faced, laughing girl! Of course, she was a bit shy at first; but Sue knew what she was about when she put her between Kitty and Avis,—Kitty brimming over with fun, and kindly, gentle Avis, whose tongue, like Tennyson's brook, ran on forever.

"Please, may n't we know?" she was begging now of Virginia. "How did you find out those things about Sue? How did you think of it all? It was just lovely of you! I really believe Sue cared more for her pot of parsley than for a whole hothouse full of orchids."

"Of course I did," declared Sue, stoutly. "It was like a friendly hand held out that day, and I loved every green leaf of it; and now that I have really found my parsley-girl — well, I'm not going to let her go again in a hurry."

Virginia turned a smiling face toward her, but, someway, Sue imagined there were tears in the dark eyes; but the parsley-girl hastened to say, "Then perhaps I'll take you back to Staten Island with me."

"How lovely it must be to live on an island," broke in Fanny, feeling that for some reason Virginia would rather have the subject changed, "and to see the ocean!"

"It is," replied Virginia, simply. "Of course, I think there never was so beautiful a spot as my hilly island. The Kill von Kull enters the bay just in front of our house, and you can always see the lights of New York and the Jersey shore shining like jewels against the evening sky; and there are vessels passing all day long, from great square-riggers to tiny crafts with one wee sail that look like toys as they float past. Oh, it is ideal in summer; but when winter comes—ugh! how the wind howls across the bay!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mildred. "Just think of living in such a fairyland as that, and then being buried here!"

"Not at all," protested Virginia, earnestly. "Ohio is beautiful, too. I always think when I come back to Kinikinnick that it has its own particular charm, and Aunt Sibyl likes Ohio much better than New York. I want to tell you," she went on, flushing, "how sorry I was

"Indeed we shall," said Avis, "and I know we shall all have lovely times together this summer."

"I hope your brother will soon grow stronger," said Sue.

"Oh, yes, thank you," replied Virginia, gratefully. "It is nice of you to ask after him, when he was so dreadful the other day. But I know you will like him so much when you are

really acquainted. He is so irritable now because he has had to give up study and all hope of entering college next year. The doctor had told him that morning that he must not think of it, and he was struggling with his great disappointment."

"I am so sorry," said Sue, remorsefully; "I would n't have been so cross to him for anything if I had known that. I felt, when we were standing in the road, glaring at each other, you ought to have cried, 'Sic 'em,

Prince!' I'm quite ashamed of my-self."

"You don't need
to be," laughed
Virginia. "That
battle did him a
world of good.
He was so
angry that he
quite forgot his

disappointment for a while, and he commissioned me to say he hoped you would come over soon and give him another round, as he had been in better spirits ever since."

"Tell him I will come often if that will do him any good, and be a real Susan

Pepperpot, too."

"Just as if you were n't always that!" commented Fanny. "But, Sue Roberts," she exclaimed as she looked at her watch, "why did n't you send us home? It is after five o'clock."

Sue and Virginia stood in the old gateway



"'YOU SEE, I WANTED IT TO BE JUST A SECRET BETWEEN US TWO.""
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

I could not see you the day you called; but Thad, my brother, was very restless and nervous,—he has been so ill,—and—and he would not let me leave him. But I am going to return your calls very soon, as he is much better. This is the first afternoon I have been away from him, and now that I know you I hope you will all come to see me often."

green, like so many butterflies, as they fluttered a last farewell from the turn of the lane.

"They are such nice girls," commented Sue, as, with their arms around each other, the two friends strolled down toward the orchard wall. "I've only known them a little while, but I just love them. I believe we are going to have a dandy time this summer. There are n't many boys here, but I like that, I would n't give a penny for a boy who was n't my brother or somebody else's brother, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Virginia, demurely, with a twinkle in her black eyes. "I've known some only sons that were n't so bad."

"Oh, but you know perfectly what I mean," answered Sue, giving Virginia a loving smile. "I like boys in their place. Nice, boyish boys, without any frills and quirks. You know the kind, I 'm sure."

"I do - I do," laughed Virginia, returning the smile. "But I guess you and I have n't got to the frill-and-quirk stage. Just now we are too busy getting used to our hair being clubbed and to the length of our skirts. I don't believe Miss Cutting minds getting grown up. She seems so much more - young-ladyfied than the rest. Don't you think so?"

Sue made a little grimace, and then laughed. "There, Virginia Clayton, you were reading my mind, and I had meant to be so wise and tactful, and not say a word about a 'just departed guest.' Aunt Serena is always telling me that is such bad form. Ugh! don't you hate form, anyway? But to go back to the cowpasture. Miss Cutting makes me weary,—that's dreadful slang; please forget I said it. She is six months younger than Fanny Spencer, and a whole year younger than Belle, but she just loves to appear blase and passe and a lot of Frenchy things. Fanny and Belle play tennis, and go driving, and for walks with the boys, and Kitty and Avis go to parties with them, and that 's all right, for they are sixteen,- Mildred

and waved a pretty adieu to the gay bevy of is just my age,-but they are nice and sensible girls, all in a flurry of white and pink and about it. Mildred is apt to get a bit sentimental, but Kitty takes her down a peg or two, and so they even up nicely. But Martha Cutting why, Virginia, she 's got a train to her evening dress, and wears her hair on the top of her head, and says 'gentlemen' when she means boys in knickerbockers."

> "She is very pretty. I don't believe I ever saw a more beautiful complexion, and her hair is like gold. Aunty says she plays and sings very well."

> "I know," said Sue, remorsefully, "and she can sew and paint, and do lots of things I can't do at all; but, somehow, she rubs me the wrong way. Oh, Virginia, I wish you did n't have to go home!" They had reached the wall, and Virginia stood swinging her parasol daintily by the handle, with her fluffy white skirts gathered up about her preparatory to climbing the stile. "You have n't told me a word of how you knew about me, and of course I'm dying to know. I did n't want you to tell me before the girls, for I felt - well - " and Sue stooped to tuck in a stray lock of dusky hair under Virginia's big white hat - "you see, I wanted it to be just a sweet little secret between us

> Again Virginia's eyes filled, and she said, softly touching her lips to Sue's brown cheek:

> "I am going to come over with Toddlekins for you to-morrow afternoon; and if you will go, we will take a long drive, and I 'll tell you all about it."

> So it was settled, and Sue sat on the wall and watched the little, slender figure in its white gown and poppy-wreathed hat until it disappeared in the distance.

> "My parsley-girl is everything I would have her," said Sue to herself as she climbed down off the wall in answer to Mandy's vigorous calling. "She's good and bright and jolly and pretty and stylish and - and - a lady. Yes, Sue, my dear, that 's it - a real, true lady. I wonder what she thought of me."

(To be continued.)

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THE ROWENA O'TOOLE COMPANY.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

WHEN I was boy, I had kept rabbits, and they burrowed into Mr. Morton's yard and ate his lettuce crop, which annoyed Mr. Morton; and I had had chickens, and they flew over the fence into Mr. Grady's yard and pecked holes in his reddest tomatoes, which displeased Mr. Grady; and so, after I had paid a boy two dollars for a goat, and then paid him fifty cents to take it back because it had eaten to desolation the gardens of both Mr. Morton and Mr. Grady, I consulted those gentlemen as to what manner of animal I had best own next.

The two gentlemen came into my father's back vard by the over-the-fence route. Mr. Grady took a seat on the sawbuck. Mr. Morton leaned against the barn door. Mr. Morton was younger than Mr. Grady, but far more serious. He was studying law, and wore his hair in a broad bang that hung over one eye; and so long as I knew him he never smiled. Mr. Grady, on the other hand, was old enough to be young again. He seemed to have no especial profession except that of veteran of two fields-Gettysburg and corn-field. He was an ex-soldier and a retired farmer, and as happy by nature as any man could possibly be. I think he lived in cycles of jokes. He would smile all day vesterday thinking of the joke he meant to tell some one; to-day he would tell the joke and smile; and to-morrow he would smile over the manner in which the joke was received. The next day he would begin the cycle again. In this way he kept himself always happy and economized his jokes.

"William," said Mr. Morton, when I had stated my indecision, "this matter is one that deserves more than usual consideration, and I must ask you to retire a few moments while Mr. Grady, my honored friend here, and I consult in private."

I knew that meant I was not wanted, and I went into the house-not especially because it was necessary to retire so far, but because like them chickens you had."

there were fresh doughnuts there. When I returned their consultation was completed.

"It is the sense of the meeting," said Mr. Morton, so solemnly that I felt very important, "that, generally speaking, the confines of a city are conducive to better results in agricultural pursuits than in stock-raising."

"He means," explained Mr. Grady, "that raisin' garden truck is better than raisin' critters."

My face must have shown my disappointment, for Mr. Morton hastened to reassure me.

"However," he said, "since your nature inclines toward the animal rather than toward the vegetable kingdom, we have made proper concessions, and have decided on a fit and suitable creature upon which you may lavish your care."

"Very purty words, them," Mr. Grady as-

Mr. Morton wiped back his lock of hair, which had a way of falling into his eye, and proceeded.

"The animal on which we have decided," he continued, "has been known from the days of great antiquity. It is a gentle beast, -at least in its domestic state, although when wild it is considered dangerous at times, - and it adds to the food supply of the nations. While I may not call it precisely graceful, it is, in its youth, often pleasant to the eye, while with age it assumes a dignity and majesty that are suited to its rotund and weighty form."

Mr. Grady had been waiting an opportunity to speak, while I stood with my mouth open, taking in the stream of eloquence. Now Mr. Grady took his pipe from his mouth and spoke.

"Why don't you tell the lad it 's a pig?" he

"A pig!" I exclaimed. "But a pig can't do anything!"

"To be sure," said Mr. Grady, "he can't fly

"Nor can I say I have ever seen one hop like a rabbit," said Mr. Morton.

"Neither can he climb a tree like a cat, nor swim like a trout; but he is a fine bit of a beast, for all that," said Mr. Grady.

"But," I suggested, "pigs cost a great deal, and all my money is gone. I used the last to buy that billy-goat."

"All of which," said Mr. Morton, "has been carefully considered; and, in view of your financial distress, Mr. Grady, my honored neighbor, and I have decided to finance the pig. In other words, we will buy him."

I hesitated.

"I don't think my father would like to have you do that," I said.

"But we do not make you a present of him," said Mr. Morton.

"Would n't he be my pig?" I asked, quite sure I should not care to own a pig that did not belong to me.

"We will make a stock company of him," said Mr. Morton. "We will divide him into three shares, of which Mr. Grady, my honored neighbor, and I shall each own one, because we supply the pig; while you shall own one, because you will have the sole care and custody of the animal."

"And when he 's sold, we divvy up fair and square," said Mr. Grady; "each of us three gettin' one half of what he sells for."

The more I considered the matter, the better I liked it. The idea that there would be something to divide when the pig was sold was pleasing; for neither my rabbits nor my chickens had produced a profit, and I considered that even should the pig prove a loss, as in my goat venture, it would be satisfactory to have two partners to help share the deficit. So I accepted the proposal.

As for the officers of the company, we made Mr. Morton president, because-well, because he was n't the sort of man you could make anything less; but, to balance the dignities, Mr. Grady and I each had two titles. Mr. Grady was made treasurer and board of directors, and I was proudly installed as secretary and general manager.

"And mind you, William," said Mr. Morton, severely, "you must keep the records of little pink fellow, full of life and appetite, and

the company honestly and conscientiously." He said this with great impressiveness, while climbing the fence into the yard.

Mr. Grady," I said to that gentleman, "how must I keep the records?"

"Well, now," said Mr. Grady, "I have n't ever kept records of a pig company myself; but I reckon you 'd best get one of these here pocket diaries an' keep it in that. It would be handiest."

So I got one. My first entry described our first meeting and the formation of the company. It ran: "Mister Morton he climbed over his fence into our yard, and Mister Grady he climbed over his fence into our yard, and we were all met together, because I did n't have to climb into our yard because I was in it," and so on. You see how conscientiously I kept the records.

To Mr. Grady, who was an expert in pigs, was intrusted the task of procuring our live stock, and it seemed to me he was long at it. At length, however, he told me he had got his eye on a remarkably fine pig, "purty as a picture, an' full o' life as an egg," which would be delivered as soon as it had a few more days' growth; for, like the wife in the song of "Billy Boy," it was still "a young thing and could not leave its mother."

But I had enough to do in the meantime. There was the sty to build, and a trough to construct, and no ordinary sty or trough would do. I soon learned the meaning of Mr. Grady's title of board of directors. I found that the general manager was a mere tool in the hands of the board of directors. Every day the smiling "board" would climb over the fence and, comfortably seated on the sawbuck, instruct the general manager.

He not only insisted on the shape and construction of the sty, but he directed me how to hold the saw and hammer, how to hit a nail, and, if I hit my thumb instead, how to tie it up. If our president had tried to direct me, I should have resented it; but Mr. Grady did it in such a good-natured manner that I enjoyed it, and his suggestions were so appropriate that I soon felt the fullest confidence in him.

At length the pig came. It was a beautiful

the name, Rowena, greatly pleased my fancy. Of course I had to consult the board of directors on such an important matter, and he immediately objected.

Mr. Grady predicted that it would make a fine so many pigs I did n't have time to name them, beast in time. I decided at once that we must let alone think of names. But now," said he, call it Rowena, my favorite name; for I had "I've got the time, and I've got the pig, an' just read "Ivanhoe" for the first time, and I 've been layin' awake nights thinkin' over names, an' I 've decided that O'Toole is the finest name for a pig that ever was. · O'Toole it is."

"I don't like O'Toole," I said, for I had set "What sort of a name is Rowena, now?" he my heart on Rowena. "I don't like O'Toole."



""IF WE ALL INSIST, FELLOW-SHTOCKHOLDERS, I SEE NO WAY OUT OF IT BUT TO FIGHT A DUEL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

asked. "Be it French? Who ever heard of a French pig?"

"I don't think it is French, Mr. Grady," I said doubtfully.

"It's not Irish, anyhow," he declared; "and called. all my life I 've been wishing to name a pig, and there's no name so good for man or beast as the good old Irish names. When I was a boy no bigger than you, I wanted to name a pig, but they were my father's pigs and I durst not name them. And when I grew up I had

"Then if the general manager and the board of directors disagree," said Mr. Grady, "we 'll have to call a meetin' of the stockholders an' vote on it." So a meeting was

Mr. Morton climbed over the fence, and when he heard our statements his face became very sober.

"Now, fellow-stockholders," he said gravely, "you have proceeded in this matter regardless of my rights. You have not consulted my preferences in the least. I shall insist that our ing gentleman applauded the speech, and when animal shall be called Empedocles. If ever I the eighth ballot was taken the votes stood: have had a great desire, from my callow boyhood upward, it was to see a sweet, pink, porcine animal bearing the musical name of Empedocles. I shall insist on it."

"We all insist," said Mr. Grady; "an' if we all insist, fellow-shtockholders, I see no way out of it but to fight a duel-a three-sided duel with axes."

"And then," said Mr. Morton, scornfully, "if we are all killed, the pige will be a poor outcast orphan! I propose a ballot."

I eagerly agreed to the proposal. A duel with axes did not appeal to me. So we tore up several pages of Mr. Morton's note-book and voted. The first ballot stood:

For Empedocles For O'Toole . For Rowena

The succeeding ballots, from the second up to the sixth, stood the same. Just when we were preparing for the next ballot a gentleman called for Mr. Morton, and this may have broken the deadlock. for we found that the seventh ballot stood:

For Rowena O'Toole . . .

Which settled the matter, once for all. The pig received its name with great unconcern.



"I HAD A SERIOUS TIME GETTING THE PIG UP THE LADDER."

For O'Toole For Rowena For Rowena O'Toole

Mr. Morton then made a neat little speech in which he begged the Pig Company to seek harmony rather than self-interest, and suggested that we unite on Rowena O'Toole. The visit-

As the spring advanced it became evident that we were to have a rainy season; and the ground in the pen became very soft and muddy. To my eyes, Rowena O'Toole seemed to enjoy it immensely. She unfailingly chose the softest spots, and stood leg deep in them. But Mr. Grady shook his head."

"'T won't do," he said. "It's all well enough for country pigs, but city pigs can't stand it. First thing we know, it will catch cold in its head, standin' in the damp, an' lose its appytite, an' a pig without an appytite is a gone pig."

"What would you advise, Mr. Grady?" I asked anxiously.

"We might get it a pair of rubber boots, now," he said thoughtfully; "an' wrap its neck in red flannel; but it would eat the boots, an' I dunno but eatin' rubber boots is worse for a pig than a cold in the head is. What I direct," he said,—and when Mr. Grady directed it was only left for me to carry out his directions,—"is that you build a pen for it in the hay-loft. Up there it would be nice and dry and comfortable."

It was not hard to build a pen in the hayloft, but it was harder to transport Rowena O'Toole to her new home. She had grown considerably, and as Mr. Grady would do nothing but direct, I had a serious time getting the pig up the ladder. Unless you have tried it, you cannot imagine how awkward it is.

It was well along toward the next spring when Mr. Grady decided that Rowena O'Toole was fit in size to be sold, and we bargained with our butcher. He came and looked at Rowena O'Toole, and shook his head.

"She 's a thin pig for her age," he said doubtfully,—"the thinnest pig I ever see."

"She 's a proud pig," said Mr. Grady; "she lives up to her elegant name. She never was greedy like common pigs."

"Looks to me like she 'd had the fat fairly worried off her," said the butcher.

"Not having had it on her," said Mr. Grady, "it could n't be worried off. I can't imagine why she did n't put on more flesh. She's been tended most carefully. Not a day but she 's had her bath."

"Bath!" exclaimed the butcher.

"Bath," said Mr. Grady, "every day, regular as the calendar, we 've turned the hose on her."

"Then I 'll have to offer you two cents a pound below the market rates. It don't do for pigs to bathe too often. Say every other day, now, might do; but every day is a little too much. It gets them all haughty and proud and uppish, which makes them tough."

Nor could we persuade him to give the fraction of a cent a pound more.

We had to lower Rowena O'Toole from the hay-loft door by means of a block and tackle, and Mr. Grady directed me to drive her to the butcher's through the alley. I think now that he was not proud of Rowena O'Toole. She may have looked aristocratic, but she did not look over-fed.

The money we received was not a fortune, but it was, on my part at least, well earned.

When the Rowena O'Toole Company met to declare its final dividend, Mr. Grady asked me if I wished to try a pig again that year; and if not, what animal I had in mind.

I think I squirmed a little on the bench on which I sat. I know I said:

"If you don't mind, Mr. Grady, I don't think I 'll try any more animals just now. I think I 'll learn to grow tomatoes, if you don't mind showing me how."

AS TO FAIRIES.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I WONDER if the fairies sit
On toad-stools when they rest,
And if, when they would sleep a bit,
They like a mush-room best?



"FOR THEY WILL FIND HER, SITTING STULL AND MEEK, UPON A BENCH, BESIDE SOME STABLE-SHED."

From a lithograph by Paul Hey. By permixion of Hubert Köhler, Munich.

THE PROCESSION OF THE THREE KINGS.

By EDITH M. THOMAS.

The little town is muffled all in snow;
Yet there Weihnachten • love is burning clear.
And on each door three letters † in a row
Proclaim the Three Kings' Day is drawing near.

Oh, then will Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar
Ride through the country on their horses white?
And all the people, live they far or near,
Will early rise and follow with delight.

And never will the great procession stop
Till they Christkindlein and his mother greet:
Then on their knees the turbaned kings will drop,
And fill her lap with gifts, and kiss his feet;

For they will find her, sitting still and meek, Upon a bench, beside some stable-shed, Her soft hair brushing dear Christkindlein's cheek, And sunshine brightness all around each head!

Then, while the old folk smile through happy tears, Blame not the children if a shout they raise When little *Esel*, ‡ with his pointed ears, Leans o'er the fence with puzzled, wistful gaze.

There, too, the gentle, great black ox will stand:
Folk say he knelt all night in strawy stall;
Perchance he knows these kings from Eastern land,
For now he lifts his head with lowing call!

* Weihnachten - Christmas.

† In many parts of southern Germany it is a custom to place on the outer door the initials of the three kings—C. M. B. ‡ Esel—German for "donkey."



In this series it is proposed to give to St. Nicholas readers a number of brief sketches describing the origin and the development of some of the commonest of the objects and conveniences of every-day use, such as "The Match," "The Stove," "The Book," "The Clock," "The Boat," "The Carriage," "The Loom," "The Mill," and "The Lamp." These short papers will present unfamiliar history of very familiar things.—Editor.

A FOREWORD.

1. THESE stories are strictly chapters of history, and the old Greek historian Herodotus tells us that when a historian records an event he should state the time and place of its happening. In some kinds of history—in the history of the world's wars, for example—this is strictly true. When we are reading of the battle of Bunker Hill we should be told precisely when and where it was fought, and in an account of the Declaration of Independence the time and place of the declaration should be given. But in the history of inventions we cannot always be precise as to dates and places. Of course it cannot be told when the first plow or the first loom or the first clock was made. Inventions like these had their origin far back in the earliest ages, when there was no such person as a historian. And when we come to the history of inventions in more recent times, we still are often unable to discover the precise time and place of an invention.

of an invention should be surrounded by un-

certainty and doubt. An invention, as we shall see presently, is nearly always a response to a certain want. The world wants something, and it promises a rich reward to one who will furnish the desired thing. The inventor, recognizing the want, sets to work to make the thing; but he always conducts his experiments with the greatest possible secrecy, for the reason that he does not want another to steal his ideas and get ahead of him.

3. In a history of inventions, then, historians cannot always record the time and place when they were first used. But it is not a great loss to us that we cannot know precisely when the first book was printed, nor does it make much difference whether that book was printed in Holland or in Germany. And in the progress of their inventions all countries have not kept equal step with the march of time. In some things ancient Greece was modern, while in most things modern Alaska is primitive and modern China is ancient. Nevertheless it will be convenient in telling the stories contained in 2. It is in the nature of things that the origin this series to speak of the primitive, the ancient, and the modern periods, and it will be useful to

regard the primitive period as beginning with is among such peoples that the first forms the coming of man on earth, and extending must be studied. As a rule, the rude forms of to the year 5000 B.C.; the ancient period may be thought of as beginning with the year 5000 B.C. and ending with the year 476 A.D., leaving for the modern period the years that they were in their lowest state. have passed since 476 A.D.

guide only in those parts of the world where the course of civilization has taken its way, for invention and civilization have traveled the same road. The region of the world's most advanced civilization includes the lands bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, Central and Northern Europe, the British Isles, North America, South America, and Australia. It is within this region that we shall follow the development of whatever invention is under consideration. When speaking of the first forms of an invention, however, it will sometimes be necessary, when an illustration is wanted, to draw upon the experience of people who are outside the wall of civilization. The reason for forms of the useful inventions have utterly gone among savage and barbarous peoples, and it the invention as you can be taught by words.

inventions found among the lowest races of today are precisely the same forms that were in use among the Egyptians and Greeks when

5. When studying the history of an inven-4. In tracing the growth of an invention the tion there are two facts or principles which periods indicated above can serve as a time-should ever be borne in mind. First, when the world wants an invention it usually gets it and makes the most of it, but it will have nothing to do with an invention it does not want. The steam-engine was invented two thousand years ago, but the world then had no work for steam to do, so the invention attracted little attention and came to naught.

6. The other principle is that a mechanical invention is a growth; or, to say it in another way, an invention, nearly always, is simply an improvement upon a previous invention. The loom, for example, grew, century by century, piece by piece. In the stories which shall follow, the steps in the growth of an invention are shown in the illustrations. These pictures are going outside is plain. The first and simplest not for amusement, but for study. As you read, examine them carefully, and they will from civilized countries, but they still exist teach you quite as much about the growth of

I. THE MATCH.

DID you ever think how great and how many are the blessings of fire? Try to think of a world without fire. Suppose we should wake up some bitter cold morning and find that all the fires in the world were out, and that there was no way of rekindling them, that the art of kindling a fire had been lost. In such a plight we should all soon be shivering with the cold, for our stoves and furnaces could give us no warmth; we should all soon be hungry, for we could not cook our food; we should all soon be idle, for engines could not draw trains, wheels of factories could not turn, and trade and commerce would come to a standstill; at night we would grope in darkness, for we could use neither lamp nor gas nor electric light. It is easy to see that without fire, whether for light or heat, the life of man would be most wretched.

There never was a time when the world was without fire, but there was a time when men did not know how to kindle fire; and after they learned how to kindle one, it was a long, long time before they learned how to kindle one easily. In these days we can kindle a fire without any trouble, because we can easily get a match; but we must remember that the match is one of the most wonderful things in the world, and that it took men thousands of years to learn how to make one. Let us learn the history of this familiar little object, the match.

Fire was first given to man by nature itself. When a forest is set on fire by cinders from a neighboring volcano, or when a tree is set ablaze by a thunderbolt, we may say that nature strikes a match. In the early history of the world, nature had to kindle all the fires,

for man by his own effort was unable to produce a spark. The first method, then, of getting fire for use was to light sticks of wood at a flame kindled by nature-by a volcano, perhaps, or by a stroke of lightning. These firebrands were carried to the home and used in kindling the fires there. The fire secured in this way was carefully guarded and was kept burning as long as possible. But the flame, however faithfully watched, would sometimes be extinguished. A sudden gust of wind or a sudden shower would put it out. Then a new firebrand would have to be secured, and this often meant a long journey and a deal of trouble.

In the course of time a man somewhere in the world hit upon a plan of kindling a fire without having any fire to begin with; that is to say, he hit upon a plan of producing a fire by artificial means. He knew that by rubbing his hands together very hard and very fast he could make them very warm. By trial he learned that by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together he could make them very warm. Then he asked himself the question: Can a fire be kindled by rubbing two pieces of wood together, if they are rubbed hard enough? He placed upon the ground a piece of perfectly dry wood (Fig. 1) and rubbed this with the end of a stick until a groove was made. In the groove a fine dust of wood-a kind of sawdust—was made by the rubbing. went on rubbing hard and fast, and, behold, the dust in the groove began to glow! He placed some dry grass upon the embers and blew upon them with his breath, and the grass burst into a flame.* Here for the first time a man kindled a fire for himself. He had invented the match, the greatest invention, perhaps, in the history of the world.

The stick-and-groove method—as we may call it-of getting a flame was much better than guarding fire and carrying it from place to place; yet it was, nevertheless, a very clumsy method. The wood used had to be perfectly dry, and the rubbing required a vast amount of

hours to produce the spark. After a whileand doubtless it was a very long while-it was found that it was better to keep the end of the stick in one spot and twirl it (Fig. 2) than it was to plow to and fro with it. The twirling motion made a hole in which the heat produced by the friction was confined in a small space. At first the drilling was done by twirling the stick between the palms of the hands, but this made the hands too hot for comfort, and the fire-makers learned to do the twirling with a cord or thong t wrapped around the stick (Fig. 3). You see, the upper end of the stick which serves as a drill turns in a cavity in a mouthpiece which the operator holds between



FIGS. 1 AND 2. PRIMITIVE FIRE-MAKING.

his teeth. If you should undertake to use a fire-drill of this kind, it is likely that your jaws would be painfully jarred.

By both the methods described above the fire was obtained by rubbing or friction. The friction method seems to have been used by all primitive peoples, and it is still in use among savages in various parts of the world.

The second step in fire-making was taken when it was discovered that a spark may be made by striking together a stone and a piece of iron ore. Strike a piece of flint against a piece of iron ore known as pyrites, or fire-stone, and you will make sparks fly (Fig. 4). Let these sparks fall into small pieces of dried moss or powdered charcoal, and the tinder, as the moss or the charcoal is called, will catch fire. It will glow, but it will not blaze. Now hold a dry splinter in the glowing tinder, and fan or work and patience. Sometimes it would take blow with the breath, and the splinter will burst

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^{*} Mr. Walter Hough of the National Museum, himself a wizard in the art of fire-making, tells me that a blaze cannot be produced simply by rubbing sticks together. All that can be done by rubbing is to make them glow. † A narrow strip of leather.

sulphur before you place it in the burning tinder, you will get a flame at once. This was the strike-a-light, or percussion, method of making a fire. It followed the friction method, and was a great improvement upon it because it took less work and a shorter time to get a blaze. The regular outfit for fire-making with the strike-a-light consisted of a tinder-box, a piece of steel, a piece of flint, and some splinters tipped with sulphur (Fig. 5). The flint and steel were struck together, and the sparks thus made fell into the tinder and made it glow. A splinter was applied as quickly as possible to the tinder, and when a flame was gotten the candle which rested in the socket on the tinderbox was lighted. As soon as the splint was lighted the cover was replaced on the tinderbox, so as to smother the glowing tinder and save it for another time.

The strike-a-light method was discovered many thousands of years ago, and it has been used by nearly all the civilized nations of the And it has not been so very long since this method was laid aside. There are many people now living who remember when the flint and steel and tinder-box were in use in almost every household.

About three hundred years ago a third method of producing fire was discovered. If you will drop a small quantity of sulphuric acid into a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar, you will produce a bright flame. Here was a hint for a new way of making a fire, and a thoughtful man in Vienna, in the seventeenth century, profited by the hint. He took one of the sulphur-tipped splinters which he was accustomed to use with his tinder-box, and dipped it into sulphuric acid, and then applied it to a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar. The splinter caught fire and burned with a blaze. was neither friction nor percussion. chemical substances were simply brought together, and they caught fire of themselves; that is to say, they caught fire by chemical action.

The discovery made by the Vienna man led to a new kind of match—the chemical

into a flame. If you will tip your splinter with match. A practical outfit for fire-making now consisted of a bottle of sulphuric acid (vitriol) and a bundle of splints tipped with sulphur, chlorate of potash, and sugar. Matches of this kind were very expensive, costing as much as five dollars a hundred; besides, they were very unsatisfactory. Often when the match was dipped into the acid it would not catch fire, but would smolder and sputter and throw the acid about and spoil both the clothes and the temper. These dip-splint matches were used in the eighteenth century by those who liked them and could afford to buy them. They did not, however, drive out the old strike-alight and tinder-box.

In the nineteenth century-the century in which so many wonderful things were done-the fourth step in the development of the match was taken. In 1827, John Walker, a druggist in a small English town, tipped a splint with sulphur, chlorate of potash, and sulphid of antimony, and rubbed it on sandpaper, and it burst into flame. The druggist had discovered the first friction-chemical match, the kind we use to-day. It is called friction-chemical because it is made by mixing certain chemicals together and rubbing them. Although Walker's match did not require the bottle of acid, it nevertheless was not a good one. It could be lighted only by hard rubbing, and it sputtered and threw fire in all directions. In a few years,



AN IMPROVEMENT ON FIG. 3. FIGS. 1 AND 2.

however, phosphorus was substituted on the tip for antimony, the change worked wonders. The match could now be lighted with very little rubbing, and it was no longer necessary to have sandpaper upon which to

rub it. It would ignite when rubbed on any dry surface, and there was no longer any sputtering. This was the phosphorus match, the match with which we are so familiar.

After the invention of the easily lighted

^{*} The ancient Greeks used a burning-glass or -lens for kindling fire. The lens focused the sun's rays upon a substance that would burn easily and set it afire. The burning-glass was not connected in any way with the development of the match.

phosphorus match there was no longer use for the dip-splint or the strike-a-light. The old



FIG. 4. STRIKING FIRE.

methods of getting a blaze were gradually laid aside and forgotten. The first phosphorus matches were sold at twenty-five cents a block,—a block (Fig. 6) containing a hundred and forty-four matches, - and they were used by but few. Now a hundred matches can be bought for a cent.

It is said that in the United States we use about 150,000,000,000 matches a year. This, on an average, is about five matches a day for every person.

There is one thing against the phosphorus match: it ignites too easily. If one is left



FIG. S. TINDER BOX, FLINT, STEEL, AND SULPHUR-TIPPED SPLINTERS.

lying on the floor, it may be ignited by stepping upon it, or by something falling upon it. We may step on a phosphorus match unawares, and light it and leave it burning, and thus set the house on fire. Mice often have caused

fires by gnawing the phosphorus matches and igniting them. In one city thirty destructive fires were caused in one year by mice and matches. To avoid accident by matches, the safety match (Fig. 7) has recently been invented. The safety match itself contains no phosphorus. The phosphorus is mixed with fine sand and glued to the side of the box in which the matches are sold. The safety match, therefore, cannot be lighted unless it is rubbed on the phosphorus on the side of the box. It is so much better than the old kind of phosphorus match that it is driving the latter out of the market. Indeed, in some places it is forbidden

by law to sell any kind of match but the safety match.

The invention of the safety match is the last step in the long history of fire-making. The first match was lighted by rubbing, and the match of our own time is lighted by rubbing, yet what a



FIG. 5. A "BLOCK" OF MATCHES.

difference there is between the two! With the plowing-stick or fire-drill it took strength and time and skill to get a blaze: with the safety match an awkward little child can kindle a fire in a second.

And how long it has taken to make the match as good as it is! The steam-engine and the telegraph and the telephone and the electric light were all in use before the simple little safety match.



FIG. 7. A BOX OF MODERN SAFETY MATCHES.

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WHITE FIELDS.

I LOVE the days in winter
When snow falls all around,
And like a soft, white blanket
Is spread upon the ground.

I love the days in summer When daisies are in bloom, And cover all the meadow Like a carpet on a room.

And which I think the prettiest
I really do not know—
When the fields are white with daisies,
Or when they 're white with snow.

Carolyn Wells.

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

By Captain Harold Hammond, U.S.A.

HOW PINKEY CAUGHT A BANK ACCOUNT.

"IT 's funny," said "Pinkey" Perkins to "Bunny" Morris one day during Christmas holidays, "when you 've got a new pair o' skates it 's always a-snowin', and when you 've got a new sled, you can't make it snow."

Pinkey had received a pair of skates for Christmas, and had not had a chance to use them. He considered them too fine to be used on the snow-packed sidewalks, and the ponds being covered with snow, there seemed to be little chance of skating elsewhere before school should resume operations.

"That 's so," commented Bunny, as usual in accord with Pinkey's opinion; "there 's lots o' ice,—been cuttin' ice down on Wilson's pond,—but there 's no skatin'."

"Tell you what I 've been thinkin' 'bout, Bunny," continued Pinkey; "and that is, gettin' up a crowd and goin' down and sweepin' off Wilson's pond,—it's the biggest,—and havin' a good skate before school begins. 'T won't take long."

Bunny agreed that this was a good scheme, and the pair at once set out to enthuse their friends with the cleverness of the idea. Pinkey's arguments always carried weight with his fellows, and he and Bunny had no difficulty in getting a dozen boys of their own age to join them.

In accordance with Pinkey's instructions, the crowd met on the court-house corner immediately after dinner that same day, armed with shovels and brooms in various stages of usefulness, depending upon whether they had been taken with or without maternal consent. In addition to his broom or shovel, as the case might be, each boy had a pair of skates attached to his person in some fashion, usually by a strap, designed to leave his hands free to make snowballs on an instant's provocation.

After a number of boys had arrived, they began to grow impatient to get to work, all being thoroughly imbued with Pinkey's idea. Pinkey counted those present and found there were thirteen.

"Thirteen!" he exclaimed. "Gee! that won't do. Somebody 'd go in sure. Just as I 'spected, 'Putty' Black has n't shown up. Gone off skatin' with some girls, I 'll bet."

Then he caught sight of a younger boy, across the street, who was watching his chance to "hitch on." to some big sled with his small one, and was, at the same time, enviously eying the older boys and wishing he were a size or two larger.

"Come over here, Tommy," called Pinkey.
"We 're all goin' down to Wilson's pond to

sweep it off, so 's we can skate. Don't you want to help?"

Tommy was a cripple, and as a usual thing his company was not much in demand. Naturally, he was much delighted at being thus invited by Pinkey, and at once came hobbling across the street, dragging his sled, hopping twice on his good leg to once on his bad one.

not to appear too highly elated; "but I'd like to go 'f I can take my sled."

give you a ride when we get the pond swept which had formed where the ice-cutters had off," said Pinkey, glad to have a fourteenth been at work the day before. Instantly the member in the party.

"And we'll let you haul our brooms and shovels and skates down on it, too," said Eddie Lewis as, with a crafty wink at the others, he divested himself of his unhandy burden and deposited it on the sled. The others followed Eddie's example, and soon the sled was piled high with a motley assortment of stubby brooms, shovels, and skates.

Pinkey said nothing against this imposition while the sled was being loaded, but when all was done he laid his broom on top of the heap, saying: "Now, Tommy, you get up and sit on all these things, and don't let any of them fall off, and Ed Lewis 'll pull the sled."

"Who told you I 'd pull the sled, I'd like to know?" demanded Eddie, hotly.

"Nobody told me. I told Tommy," said Pinkey, dryly. "You were the first one to want to impose on him, and I'll leave it to the crowd as to who ought to pull the sled. What do you say, fellers,"-turning to the crowd,-"who pulls the sled, Tommy or Ed?"

"Ed! Ed!" shouted everybody in unison, no one desiring the job himself; and, besides, it would only be doing justice to Eddie for trying to impose on the little fellow.

Eddie saw that with so many against him there was nothing else for him to do, so with as good a grace as he could muster, he picked up the sled-rope and the crowd started.

When they arrived at the pond, Pinkey saw at once that the novelty would wear off long before the whole pond was cleared off, so he made a new proposition.

"Tell you what let 's do," he shouted, eagerly; "let 's just clear off a track all the way round and run races."

His suggestion was met with general ap-"Ain't got any skates," said Tommy, trying proval, and everybody seemed impatient to begin. Taking his broom, Pinkey described, in a general way, a circle around the pond, leaving "'Course you can take your sled, and I 'll it flat on one side to avoid some very thin ice



"" WHO TOLD YOU I 'D PULL THE SLED?" DEMANDED EDDIE, HOTLY."

snow began to fly in all directions, but Pinkey called a halt on this as soon as he got back to the starting-point. He realized how brief are such bursts of energy unless there is some competition; so, to prevent the enthusiasm from dying out before the job was completed, he divided his companions into two parties, one to sweep one way and one the other, with the object of seeing which could reach the halfway point first. There being just six on a side without him, Pinkey said it would not be fair for him to help either side, and, besides, he would have to act as umpire.

Arranging the enthusiastic workers in their

starting positions, he counted slowly, "One, two, three, go/" and the rival squads set to work like beavers. Then, with a smile of satisfaction, partly to himself and partly at Tommy, he sat down on the sled and leisurely began putting on his skates.

As soon as enough space had been cleared, he employed his time in skating from one party to the other, telling each how much the other had done, and, wielding his broom here and there, did his share by clearing the track of little piles of snow left by the others in their haste.

In much less time than any one of the boys could have cleaned his own walk at home, the track was cleared, and all were too anxious to get to skating to care which party had won.

Races were now in order. Everybody raced with everybody else, and the new skating-field was proving itself a wonderful success. Pinkey's skates were sharper than any other boy's, and, in addition, he was a splendid skater, so he easily bore off the honors, even after giving his competitors a long start. This success made him confident that he could beat anybody on the pond under any conditions.

"Tell you what I 'll do," he said at last.
"I'll skate anybody a race, twice around the pond, and pull Tommy on the sled besides."

Bunny and Eddie Lewis promptly accepted this challenge, and preparations were at once made for the race. The circuit was cleared of all skaters, and the word was given to start.

At first Pinkey was left far behind his opponents, he having some difficulty in getting up speed with his heavy load. Presently, however, his strong strides and sharp skates began to tell, and when the racers had gone around once Pinkey was gaining fast, the sled not being a serious drawback once he had got it under way.

"Go it, Pinkey!" "Cross him out, Bunny!"
"Two to one on Pinkey!" were some of the excited shouts of encouragement as the trio swept past the starting-point, Pinkey struggling his hardest to get on even terms with his rivals. Could he but pass them once, he felt that he would surely win out.

Just as Pinkey rounded the rather short curve which led to the long, straight stretch near the thin ice, where he had planned to

pass his competitors, the sled, under its high velocity, slid sideways across the cleared space and struck the bank of snow at the edge of the track. Instantly it overturned, and Tommy, with a piercing shriek, was thrown headlong on to the thin ice, which broke like paper under his weight, and he sank into the icy water.

When he heard Tommy's cry, Pinkey knew what had happened, and instantly all thoughts of anything but Tommy's safety flew from his mind. Instinctively he dug the heel of his skate into the ice, swung about, and headed like mad for the place where Tommy had plunged from the sled. Pinkey knew that with his crippled limb Tommy could not stand in the water, even were it shallow enough, and he knew he could not swim. Pinkey could swim, and was sure he could support Tommy until the others came. Without hesitation, he jumped the bank of snow at the edge of the track, his speed carrying him straight into the icy water.

Meantime Tommy had floundered to his feet, and was hopping up and down, trying to keep his balance, and calling loudly for help. Luckily, the water was only up to Pinkey's armpits; but poor Tommy could barely keep his mouth above the surface when his foot was on the bottom.

By the time Pinkey had reached Tommy and was holding him up, all the others were skating for the scene of excitement at a speed hitherto unequaled by any of them.

"Now, don't any o' the rest o' you jump in here," ordered Pinkey, his teeth chattering. "Just grab hold o' Tommy's arms and yank him out, and don't take all day about it, either."

The old ice being firm clear to the edge, the rescue of Tommy was effected without much difficulty, after which the soaked, shivering Pinkey was likewise assisted out of his frigid bath. As he got on firm ice again, his heart sank within him. He forgot his chilly discomfort and the praise of his companions in a calamity which he now noticed for the first time: he had lost one of his skates in the water.

All the skaters swarmed about Pinkey and Tommy, bringing them their overcoats and offering all the assistance possible, all talking at once

and all agreeing that "if it had n't been for Pinkey, Tommy would have drowned, sure." Eddie Lewis suggested that thirteen might not have proved so unlucky as fourteen had turned out to be.

"I'm not worryin' about goin' in the water,"

asserted Pinkey; "it 's losin' that skate that I don't like. But I can't get it now; I 've got to scoot for home, 'cause I 'll freeze stiff here. But I 'll get it out to-morrow or know the reason why"; and with that he removed his remaining skate and started on a run for home. Some of the other boys put Tommy on his sled, covered him with their overcoats, and hurried him home, and the skating party broke up for that day.

The next morning Pinkey awoke none the worse for his experience, having been treated to all the preventives for colds known to an anxious mother. Despite the danger he had incurred in jumping in after Tommy, his parents could not help feeling proud of him for his plucky act. After breakfast he announced that he was going back to the pond after his skate.

"How are you going to get it, Pinkey?" asked his mother.

"Goin' to fish for it,"

went to the woodshed and got one of his father's long, cane fishing-poles, with the line and hook still attached.

"Now you 'll be careful, won't you, Pinkey?" cautioned his mother, with difficulty concealing a smile as she saw her son's unique outfit.

Pinkey promised, remarking by way of argument: "I tell you, I don't want to get in that water again, just for the fun of the thing."

Straight across the public square he went, unconscious of the strange figure he made, armed with a fishing-pole in the dead of winter.



"BY THE TIME PINKEY HAD REACHED TOMMY AND WAS HOLDING HIM UP, ALL THE OTHERS WERE SKATING FOR THE SCENE OF EXCITEMENT."

he replied; and without further comment he The story of how he had jumped into the icy water to Tommy's rescue had been noised about town, and he found himself quite a hero; and when he appeared on the square with his fishing-pole, some of those whom he met actually feared that his experience had affected his mind. When he explained that he was only

skate he had lost, the concern of his friends was changed to good-natured jokes, and all wished him success.

When he arrived at the pond, Pinkey found that Bunny and Eddie and several of the other boys had preceded him.

"I 'm going to get that skate or bu'st," he asserted, as his companions began to chaff him about his fishing-tackle. Without ceremony, he broke the ice that had formed during the night and set to work, slowly drawing his line back and forth through the water.

"What you usin' for bait, Pinkey?" "Got a bite yet?" and other similar remarks were shouted to him as the skaters flew by.

"Be sure and catch more than thirteen," warned Eddie, mockingly; "it 's an unlucky number, you know."

As he fished, Pinkey grew more and more disheartened, and felt very much like dropping his pole and taking revenge on his unsympathetic companions. His arms ached and his feet seemed almost frozen, yet he could not abandon his task and have them laugh at him all the more.

Just as he had about concluded that his efforts were bound to result in complete failure, his hook caught hold of something and held fast. He pulled, but nothing came, and he had visions of losing his hook, too.

"Come on, fellers," called Putty Black, who was now enjoying the ice the other boys had cleared, "and see Pinkey pull out his big fish."

As the crowd gathered around, it was plain that Pinkey was angry, and that it would not be well to provoke him further.

"You kids just better look out," he said threateningly, "or some o' you'll be gettin' fished out o' here, first thing you know," and emphasized his remark by a vicious jerk on his line.

Something seemed to give way, and gradually he raised a heavy object through the water. Everybody expected to see a stick of wood or a piece of brush attached to the hook, and as they crowded close, all ready to laugh at the catch, they were dumfounded to see a small canvas bag, tied with a stout cord, appear at the surface.

"Catch hold of her, Bunny," Pinkey called,

going to drag the bottom of the pond for a and Bunny caught hold of the line and drew the bag out on the ice. It was full of something, and everybody grew much excited as Pinkey took his knife from his pocket, and, with fingers nervous and almost frozen, cut the cord. Imagine the speechless surprise of every one when several gold coins rolled out on the ice.

> "Geewhiz!" exclaimed Eddie, "it's money! -gold money! Let's see," and he reached for a coin.

> "Never you mind; just keep your hands off!" warned Pinkey. "I caught this fish, and it belongs to me until I find the real owner."

> "I 'll bet it 's some o' the money that was stolen from Mr. Warren's bank last fall," cried Bunny. "'T was just below here they caught the burglar, you know."

> About six weeks before, Enterprise had been wrought up to a state of intense excitement over a bank robbery, whereby the Enterprise Bank had met with serious loss. Mr. Warren, the father of Pinkey's Affinity, was president and chief stockholder in the bank, and the blow had been a very severe one to him.

> The burglar had been captured the day after the robbery, hiding in a hay-barn, and was now in prison awaiting trial. Though a part of his booty had been captured with him, he had all along maintained an absolute silence regarding the remainder.

> "This fish is good enough for me. I'm goin'," said Pinkey when he realized what it might all mean; and without further ado he set out on a run for his father's office, firmly clutching the precious sack in his arms and grasping the few loose coins in his hand. He was happy beyond expression at the thought that perhaps his finding the money might prove a benefit to his Affinity's father.

> All skating was abandoned at once, and the awe-struck boys began discussing how much money there might be in the bag.

> "'Spect it 'll amount to 'most fifty dollars," ventured Eddie, almost in a whisper, that amount being the superior limit of his financial ideas.

> "Fifty dollars nothin'!" said Bunny, contemptuously, resenting such a cheap estimate; "bet it 's a million!" The mention of this fabulous sum settled all further discussion, and

the crowd fell to disputing over who should have the use of Pinkey's fishing-pole, for all were seized with a desire to drag for more money. Bunny claimed the pole, and finally secured it. Two boys who lived near hurried home to get fishing-poles, and, failing in this, returned with a garden-rake and a hoe—but all to no purpose.

Mr. Perkins was much wrought up over Pinkey's discovery, and together they went to the bank. Mr. Warren identified the bag as one of three that had been stolen, and of which



PINKEY PROVES A LUCKY FISHERMAN.

only one had been recovered. A party was at once organized to make a thorough search of the pond. Pinkey, once more a hero, returned with the party, secretly hoping that they would not abandon the search until they had brought up his skate, anyway. With the long hooks it was an easy thing to make a thorough search of that part of the pond that was free from ice,

and it was but a short time until both the remaining bag of money and Pinkey's skate were recovered.

Pinkey was highly elated over the restoration of his skate as well as the fact that all the stolen money had been returned to Mr. Warren. And secretly he rejoiced over the fact that his Affinity would soon hear all about it.

The day following, as Pinkey and Bunny were passing the bank, Mr. Warren called Pinkey inside, took him behind the counter, and, to his utter astonishment, handed him a leather bank-book with his own name written boldly on the outside.

"Pinkey," said he, "you have saved the Enterprise Bank from suffering a great loss, for we should never have found that money had it not been for you; so I have opened a bank account for you, with one hundred dollars to your credit, drawing interest at six per cent. From now on your check is good at this bank, and I hope your account will never grow less."

Pinkey could not realize that he had so much money all his own, and was at a loss as to what to say or do. He managed to thank Mr. Warren in a confused sort of way, and with his bank-book in his hand made his way to the front door and joined Bunny.

"Mr. Warren 's put a hundred dollars in the bank for me, Bunny," he said excitedly; "and here 's my bank-book, just like anybody's. And I 'll draw interest at six per cent., too; just think o' that."

"Gee! Pinkey, that 's just your luck!" said Bunny, with a little tinge of envy in his voice; "but how much is six per cent.?"

"I dunno, exactly," replied Pinkey, rather doubtfully. "I did n't think to ask; but it beats nothin' all to pieces—I know that much. And say, Bunny, 't would ha' been unlucky, after all, if thirteen of us had gone to the pond the other day, would n't it?"

THE FAMOUS MONKEY CARVING IN THE NIKKO TEMPLE, JAPAN.



HEAR NO EVIL. SPEAK NO EVIL. S. From a stereograph by Underwood and Underwood, New York, Copyright, 1904.

TOY RAILROADING.

By FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.



The rolling-stock and general equipment of the Playroom Central Railroad Company arrived early on a bright, crisp fresh Christmas morning, and a track intended for the "Flyer" had been laid hurriedly across the nursery floor before breakfast. This, it is claimed by the general manager of the road, was the record for rapid track-laying. Later, as there proved to be abundant track material, a freight-line was run as far as the toy-closet, and as this did not exhaust the stock of rails by some twenty miles—I mean feet—a branch was installed in the bow-window, and a long curve was carried around the rocking-horse. By noon the nursery floor was completely gridironed with

The rolling-stock and general equipment of tracks, equipped with block-system, switches, e Playroom Central Railroad Company ar- and stations. The first train, with a baggage



SIGNALED TO STOP.

car, mail car, and four coaches, called a limited express, after a straight run of more than eight feet, took a curve at full speed in safety, but was unfortunately wrecked at the first cross-tracks. The cause was soon discovered. The accident



THE ENGINE OF "THE LIMITED."

was due to the poor road-bed, and the entire force, including four little boys and two little girls, with the nurse as an advisory board, set to work. A soft spot where the main line crossed from the rug to the carpet was filled in. The long, straight run where the train gathered dangerous momentum for the curve was shortened, and new switches were introduced on Rocking-

was guarded by block signals at either entrance. A signal-tower and a tin watchman were placed at the cross-tracks where the accident had occurred, to guard against its happening again.

A big through train was made, up of the best coaches and drawn by the heaviest locomotive on the entire system. First came a high-

grade locomotive. A mail-car followed; next to renew the energy for the return trip. In came two day-coaches, followed in turn by two the meantime the tracks were left clear, and a sleepers. The nursery "Limited" was backed fast freight, which had been waiting on a siding

tion, a beautiful structure of tin, nearly ten inches high, with platforms and passengers to match. A wisp of absorbent cotton was inserted. in the smoke-stack, and the crew somewhat nervously took their places at the switches.

The exciting moment had arrived. The last twist was given to the key in the locomotive, and a chubby hand detaining the last car let go its hold. With a clash of tin, the tiny couplings took hold, and the nursery "Limited," gathering momentum with every inch, rattled down the line. The first curve was approached at a speed far exceeding seventy inches an hour. As the front wheels took the track the locomotive swerved to one side, and the entire train quickly jingled into line. The "Limited" neared the cross-tracks, the scene of the former disaster. At the right moment the signal dropped, indicating a clear track ahead, and the train rushed over the crossing, every coupling doing its work. So far the run had been unusually fast.

A critical point was encountered farther on. Midway on this division a switch had been installed, which opened communication with Rocking-horse Curve. A special watchman was on guard at this point, and a clear track was signaled. In less time than it takes to tell it, the "Limited" had dashed over the switch in safety, and was careering about the long curve. From the switch at the end of this curve a few seconds' run brought the train to the bow-window branch; and here, before one of the way-stations, the "Limited" was stopped. The run had been made in incredibly short horse Curve. The long tunnel under the couch time. The engineer, key in hand, proceeded



AN AUTOMOBILIST IN DANGER.

from its switch to the main line before the sta- near the toy-closet, was quickly got under way.

presses and the five-minute accommodations, it was found necessary to run special sections.

Considering the number of green hands employed, and the newness of the road-bed, the system was remarkably free from accidents. Except for an occasional derailed car or an open switch, trains ran very smoothly. Once,

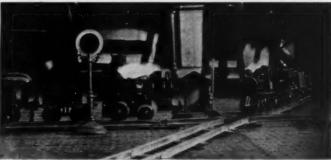
The cow-catcher-or is it mousecatcher?-of the freight locomotive actually freight was stopped at a cross-track just in the coaches of the "Limited." The first time to let the "Limited" thunder past.

ble block-system had been installed. The signal-the wreck. Before anything could be accom-

man was sure the smash-up was no fault of his. The two trains met exactly at the junction. It was one of the most disastrous collisions in the history of toy railroads, although no lives were lost.

The two trains were racing for

With the schedule in good working order, the crossing. At the instant of collision, the imand the engineers familiar with the road, pact could be heard distinctly all over the house. new stations were set up to accommodate the The two locomotives seemed to leap at each traffic. In addition to the regular ten-minute ex- other. There was a dislocating shock, a crash of



THE COLLISION OCCURRED

to be sure, a toy automobile, in attempting to tin, and the wreck gradually settled down into cross a double track with trains approaching in itself. The front wheels of the express locoboth directions, came perilously near a col- motive were raised high in the air, finally resting on the partly overturned locomotive of the freight-train. The force of the collision degrazed the tonneau. At another time the fast railed all the freight-cars, and all save one of freight-car rode over the tender before it, and When, finally, a serious accident did actually was left pointed high in the air. The next car occur, it was difficult, as is usually the case, to in the line was completely overturned. The fix the blame. The scene of the accident, a cars even at the extreme end of the trains were cross-track where the freight-line from the toy- badly scratched and dented. Meanwhile it had closet crossed the main-line, had from the first been rapidly growing dark. It is probable been recognized as a dangerous point. A dou- that the darkness was partially responsible for

> plished in removing the debris from the track, the nurse arrived, unwelcome though

> The schedule was not resumed until the play-hour next morning.





The green leaves contrast beautifully with to its place of the "ermine too dear for an earl."

decorated with our presents; but, do we, indeed, know these greens of winter? No plant or tree reveals its true character except in its natural surroundings, where it is played upon by the forces which foster its growth. So we must know these winter greens in the out-of-door world, where wind and rain, hail and snow, are the powers which have helped to develop them into the forms we see. With their finely divided needles these trees offer no such body to the wind's passage as the broad-leaved trees of summer, so they can withstand, unharmed, the winter's blasts, and preserve, even on bleak mountain-sides, the beautiful symmetry of their forms. We have only to linger beneath the pine trees to realize that the wind is no dis- ever, has so wide a range of expression as the

For Young Folks A

Suppose we grant that winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

and sound.

THE GREEN OF MIDWINTER.

No other natural growths are any more closely bound up with ourpleasuresand affections than are the evergreens. Holly wreaths have been hung about our homes, the Christmas tree has been lifted honor there and

All the evergreens love the wind. Two giant spruce trees guarded the north side of my boyhood home, and I remember, as one of the most impressive sounds of nature, the deep soughing tone-that solemn sonorous murmur which these trees gave forth as the cold winter winds began to blow. No other tree, how-

breeze is from the warm southwest and breathes

softly with a sighing murmur over the plumy

boughs, or sweeps down with stronger, more

insistent force upon these sensitive harp strings,

the trees respond alike with harmonious motion



EVERGREEN CHRISTMAS FERNS. The fronds lie close to the ground in winter.

turber or destroyer to them. Whether the hemlock. The fern-like fronds of the terminal



Evening primrose

GREEN ROSETTES OF WINTER

English plantain

sprays which are so lightly upraised in summer of evergreen and Christmas ferns drooping upon begin to droop as autumn approaches, for the the wet, brown oak small cones are formed, and their slight weight leaves. Among the is sufficient to depress the slender twigs. With thawing icicles and the first light snow of winter the branches are snow, which frame bowed until they hang gracefully pendant; or them about, these the heavy ice storms weigh them down utterly fronds seem more until the branches sweep the snow crust or lie highly colored than prone upon it. We may go out on some such ever before. Along night, after a day of sleet and rain, and see the roadsides or in everything glazed with a coating of ice. The the fields, where the trees, glaring like metal in the lamp-light, bend wind has swept them and sway before the storm until their branches bare, the "winter rorattle and clash together, like bayonets and settes" will be found. swords when joined in battle. The trees strain The parent plants of and bend until their ice-casings crack and split apart; and, at intervals, some overweighted maple or willow branch, high up among the tree-tops, is torn from the trunk and falls with a crash of splintered fragments on the hard dried and broken snow crust near by. The hemlocks shine with stalks above crystal sheen from crest to base; their ice- snow; but, beside armored boughs droop heavily, and the whole them, these first-year tree sways and rattles with a sluggish, cramped unease. The strained fibers are relieved as the many-sided stars or ice falls away with the milder days, and the complete circles of branches spring lightly upward with graceful leaves symmetrically poise and shimmer in the sunshine, which glis-

needle. About the springs southern hillsides we see vivid

green fronds

tens on every uplifted

the evening primrose, thistle, mothmullein, and many more, show growths appear as arranged about the



"SWAYING TO THE COLD RIPPLES OF THE BROOK . . . THE WATER-CRESS GLOWS IN VIVID EMERALD."

these rosettes suggest the forms of snow crystals.

In the swamp we see the tough, lustrous leaves of laurel and holly, while the hemlock woods protect beneath their drooping boughs the rattlesnake plantain, pipsissewa, wintergreen, arbutus, and ground-pine, all showing traces of green color. Swaying to the cold ripples of the brook and leaning against the ice-covered bank, the water-cress glows in vivid emerald. HOWARD J. SHANNON.

THE DIVING HORSES.

THE intelligence displayed by many of our animals, both wild and domestic, is surprising. Dogs and horses, especially, from their long association with man, and because of their natural temperament, can be taught a great many interesting and beautiful tricks. We have all seen dogs carrying bundles, papers, or baskets

"KING" AND "QUEEN"-THE DIVING HORSES. Photograph by C. A. Reed.

to their charges, neither stopping to play with others of their kind, nor allowing any one but their master to relieve them of their burden. Other feats that these faithful creatures often perform are: "begging," "rolling over," walking and dancing on their hind legs, and jumping over sticks or through the arms. are taught them, often show considerable in-

center. In the balance and order of their parts telligence in unfastening gates or letting down bars so that they may escape from the pasture.

> One of the most beautiful feats that I have ever seen performed by horses is the high diving by "King" and "Queen." These two beautiful animals were raised on a western American farm; they are both snowy white and perfectly formed. King has dark, lustrous eyes, while his mate has light-blue ones; both have pinkish muzzles, and both are kept immaculately clean and carefully groomed, as such valuable animals should be.

It is said that they were kept in pastures on the opposite sides of a river, the bank on the side on which King was kept being high and overhanging the water. Both animals had always shown a fondness for the water, and one would often make the plunge into the river and swim across to join its mate. From watching this performance was conceived the idea of along the street, and know how faithful they are training them to exhibit in public, an idea which

> was carried out with the greatest success.

> A "knock-down" staging was constructed, and is carried about with the horses and used at every performance; it has an incline of about thirty degrees, and the top is about thirty feet above the water; about two feet below the top platform is a small one, on which the horses place their feet just before making the plunge; this is so that their bodies may take a more vertical position, and that they may strike the water with the least resistance.

> They require about twelve feet of water in which to make their dive. They are most often

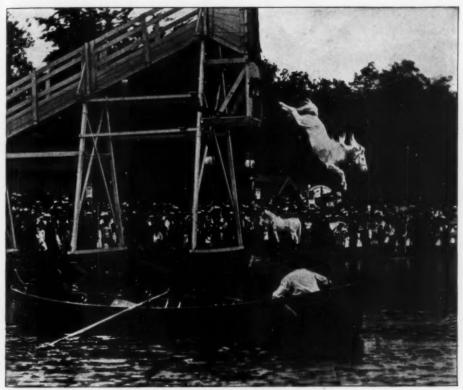
shown at places where there is a natural body of water for the purpose; but frequently a pit is dug, and the bottom covered with canvas which is filled with water, and in this improvised tank they do their "stunt" twice dailyin the afternoon and evening.

The two horses are stationed at the point Horses, besides performing many feats which where they are to leave the water, and one of them, usually Queen first, is led to the foot of

hesitation drops her fore feet to the small plat- carefully groomed. form and makes the leap. They strike the thrown back on the shoulders, so that the shock but the fact is that they do not appear to dislike it is not unduly great. They are under water at all, and they certainly like to be in the water.

the incline. With a toss of her head, she when in the air. As soon as they come from quickly runs to the top of the staging, looks the water they are rubbed dry, covered with over to see if the course is clear, then without blankets, and led to the stable, where they are

Occasionally we find some one who thinks it is water with their fore feet extended and the head cruel to "make" horses dive from such a height; from three to six seconds; then, with a shake of How much more fortunate they are than many



THE BOLD DIVING OF KING FROM THE HIGH PLATFORM. Photograph by C. A. Reed. Plate lent by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company.

more graceful dive of the two, keeping his fore Ocean and in Europe. feet straight, while Queen has hers doubled

the head to clear the water from the eyes, each of their kind that have to do the hardest sort of makes for the spot where the mate is standing. work from morning until night, and often upon King is apparently prouder and more deliberate scanty or insufficient rations! These horses than Queen; he goes up the incline slowly, and have the best of care, the best of food, and pauses at the top to look about at the crowd plenty of exercise, and apparently are in the of people below, often whinnying, apparently best of health and humor. They have been to attract attention to himself. He makes the exhibited from the Atlantic to the Pacific

C. A. REED.

THE AMERICAN CHAMELEON

The American chameleon, a small lizard (Anolis carolinensis), inhabits various parts of the southern United States. The little animal has the remarkable habit of quickly and com-



THE AMERICAN CHAMELEON.

1, side view; 2, enlarged view of teeth for crushing insects; 3, top view; 4, enlarged view of one of the toes to show adhesive pads; 5, leg with queer arrangement of toes.

little animal is perfectly harmless to higher forms of life, is often kept as a pet, and has been worn attached to a chain as an ornament.

The toes are provided with adhesive pads, shown in the illustration, which enable the lizard to run upon smooth vertical surfaces.

A NATURE QUIZ.

THERE are many points of interest in our ordinary pets that escape us because they are so familiar. What use does a squirrel make of its great bushy tail? Why does a rabbit keep wiggling its nose? Why does a dog have a cold nose, while pussy does not? What other common animals have cold noses?

Why does pussy have long whiskers when a dog does not? Have you ever seen a cat jump into the water and take a bath? How does she keep clean? Can pussy purr and eat at the same time? Does the purr come from her throat or chest? It would seem a simple matter to find out how pussy purrs, and yet I have never heard or seen an explanation. Perhaps some ST. NICHOLAS reader is more fortunate. Why is pussy made so she can sheathe her claws, while a dog cannot? Which has a straighter hind leg, a dog or a cat, a horse or a dog? Why? When you see a dog's track in the mud or snow, how can you tell which way he was going? Which can see farther, a dog or a cat; and how did you find out? What other animals have eyes with slit-shaped pupils like the cat's? A few weeks ago a boy asked me if dogs always have brown eyes. I did not know then, but I have been observing dogs since. Will you help me answer his question? ELLIOT R. DOWNING.

AN OYSTER THIRTEEN INCHES LONG.

The usual size of the shell of an oyster is three to five inches, but away back in Tertiary times there were oysters in California that had shells thirteen inches long and seven or eight inches wide. The animal and shell doubtless weighed fifteen or twenty pounds, since the shells were five inches thick. These oysters have long been extinct, but their fossil shells are abundant. If the oyster-farmer could produce individuals of such enormous size now, and the flavor were good in proportion to its size, we would be most fortunate. In that case a single oyster would be enough for one stew at the church festival!

C. A. HARGRAVE.



AN ANCIENT OYSTER - THIRTEEN INCHES LONG.

A LITTLE FLAG-SHIP OF THE AIR.

The "King Albert Bird of Paradise," * pictured herewith, was first discovered and named by Dr. A. B. Meyer of Dresden; but as regards the habits of this bird very little is known.

The bird is supposed to be a mountain species, as the long streamers with which its head is decorated would be rather unmanageable amidst the shrubbery and tall grass on the ground. These curious appendages remind one of a modern flag-ship when on special parade, with all her signal-flags flying.



THE LITTLE FLAG-SHIP OF THE AIR.

He is described as having forty of these little "flags" on each branch or stalk, which in many cases is about three times as long as his body.

The little flags or horny plates are white glazed with blue on their upper or outside surface, while underneath their color is a plain, dull brown.

This brilliant glory is confined to the male bird, and his mate has to possess her soul in patience without this ornament.

It is good to think that this little flag-ship only flies his signals to denote a time of love and peace, and not a time of war.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

AN INTERESTING MIRAGE IN THE WINTER.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading aloud from the September ST. NICHOLAS. One of the most interesting articles is the letter "A Mirage," with the comments thereon. As a boy I always associated this phenomenon with hot countries and desert wastes, and think that most people have the same idea. An experience in North Dakota, in 1882, showed me my mistake, and may be interesting to your other readers, as it was to me.

It was in December. At daybreak the mercury stood twenty degrees below zero, and the ground was covered with snow. The day was bright and still. About eight o'clock several of usclimbed the bluffs of the river, five or six miles southeast of Iamestown. The horizon, instead of being clear and distinct as usual, was much distorted. This was especially noticeable to the northeast, where towered what looked like the ruins of some massive buildings or a range of cliffs. I spoke of this to one of the party, when he said: "Why, don't you know?

That is mirage. That is the elevator, store, and dwellings in Spiritwood. Look this way," pointing southeast. "You know there are no houses in sight off there, generally; yet now you see several. Those must be the village of Ypsilanti down in the valley."

Our belated job of threshing did not hinder me from keeping close watch on Nature's bit of wonder-working. Soon a train started east from Jamestown. When directly north of us and about three miles away, we could see the tops of the engine and cars running through a cut. When the train had gone two or three miles farther, an inverted image appeared directly over it. When near Spiritwood, and eight or ten miles away, a second image, right side up, appeared, and we could see the train itself and both images, or reflections, at the same time.

H. A. HODGE.

^{* &}quot;Birds of Paradise" is the name given to that wonderful group found in the island of New Guinea and other neighboring islands, the home of the most beautiful of all birds.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

"GLASS-SNAKE."

BOULDERWOOD, DODSON, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to ask you about a so-called "glass-snake," of which I have heard. It is said to have the power of breaking itself up into small pieces when attacked; in the same way, I suppose, that some claim [But they are in error.—E. F. B.] an ordinary lizard can drop its tail. This sounds like a "snake-story," but I have it on very good authority.

Yours very sincerely,

ISADORE DOUGLAS.

The so-called "glass-snake" is not a snake, does not voluntarily break itself, nor join itself together when it has been broken by some outside force.

It is a long, slender, legless, smooth-bodied, scaly lizard. The tail is of same size as the body where it joins with the body, so that it requires close observation to tell where the body ends and tail begins. This long tail tapers to a point, so that the whole lizard is quite snake-like in appearance.

The connection between tail and body is not very strong, so that a light blow with a stick breaks the animal in two pieces. The two parts, however, will never unite again. The body tries to grow a new tail, although this effort is never a great success, for the new growth is short and has a blunt end.

The creature inhabits the Southern States.



A "GLASS-SNAKE."

Cut lent by Charles Scribner's Sons. From Hornaday's
"American Natural History."

ASTONISHING EXPERIENCE OF A BOY WITH A SWARM OF BEES.

DAVISVILLE, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about what happened to me one day when I was watching swarms in the bee-yard. A swarm came out, and I fol-



"A SWARM CAME TOWARD ME AND BEGAN SETTLING ON MY BEE-HAT."

Cut lent by the A. I. Root Company. From "Gleanings in Bee Culture."

lowed it to see where it would settle, when all at once it came toward me and began settling on my bee-hat (which is a hat with wire screen around the rim of it and mosquito-netting around the bottom of the screen, so you can tuck it under your clothes). I did not know what to do, so I called to mama, who was in the bee-yard. I heard her say something, but I could not hear what it was, the bees were making such a buzz. Then they got so thick it was dark so I could not see, and it got so hot I could hardly breathe. Then some bees got inside the hat and commenced running over my face. Then I heard mama laugh and say if I could hold very still for just a little while, she would have my pictures taken so I could see how I looked. I said, "Yes, do"; but it seemed a long time before I felt mama taking the hat off. (Mama says it was not over a few minutes.)

When she had it off she brushed the bees from my face, and I felt fine. She told me to walk away so that none of the bees would follow me. I did not get one sting. I was ten years old. I hived some swarms all by myself but I don't want any more on my hat.

If I were to tell you all the new things I have seen, that I had never heard of, my letter would be too long. I wish we could have one of those glass hives where I could watch the bees build combs. It looks so funny when they are at it. I love to watch the baby bees play when they first commence to fly. I like to see the old bees come home with their loads of honey; but, best of all, I like to eat honey. I have honey and hot cake for my breakfast every morning.

I send you one of my pictures where I am playing with "Shep" (the dog) in the yard, so you can see how I look without bees on my hat. I go to school one and one half miles, and most of the time ride on horse-back. But mama says my letter is long enough, so I will close; and I hope some day to write to you again. Good-by.

From your little friend,

RUSSELL REED.

While this is a most extraordinary experience, and while it must have been uncomfortable for the boy to have his head so muffled in by thousands of honey-bees, it was not quite so dangerous as it may seem to some of our readers who have had no experience with bees. Bees at swarming-time have left their old home and have not yet found a new one, so that they have not to protect any home. They also are not in fighting mood. Maeterlinck has written thus of the swarming spirit:



"I SEND YOU ONE OF MY PICTURES WHERE I AM PLAYING WITH 'SHEP' IN THE YARD."

It is the festival of honey, the one day of joy, of forgetfulness and folly; the only Sunday known to bees. It would appear to be also the solitary day



OBSERVING QUEEN-CELLS IN A GLASS HIVE. Such a hive would interest and instruct any young folks.

upon which all eat their fill, and revel, to heart's content, in the delights of the treasure themselves have amassed. . . Man can take them up in his hand, and gather them as he would a bunch of grapes; for to-day, in their gladness, possessing nothing, but full of faith in the future, they will submit to everything and injure no one.

CANARY-BIRD EATS HIS OWN FEATHERS.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me why a canarybird always, when molting, eats some of his feathers? I have a little bird and think it is very queer.

SALLY BROWN.

Birds do not eat their feathers, as a rule only in the case of parrots when given too much meat, or of seed-eaters which have more hemp than is good for them.

C. WILLIAM BEEBE.

LIZARDS DO NOT "SHED" THEIR TAILS.

ALASSIO, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While in Italy I visited Pompeii and Rome. I noticed among the ruins a great many lizards. Some had long tails and a few others of the same kind had no tails. Would you be so kind as to tell me why they don't shed at the same time?

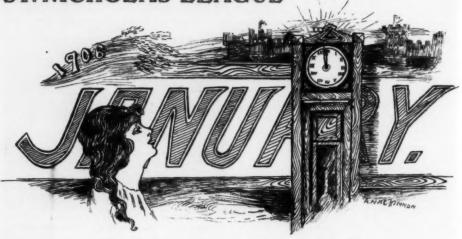
Your very devoted reader,

BURROWS MATTHEWS (age 12).

Lizards do not *shed* their tails habitually, but lose them while fighting among themselves. New tails, though more abbreviated than the original members, are finally grown.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ARCHIBALD MACKINNON, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY GEORGIANA MYERS STURDEE (AGE II).

(Gold Badge.)

No more in the sweet sunshine thou dost glide,
No more beneath the leafy branches pass,
No more through moss-hung caverns swiftly slide,
Or toss thy flashing spray upon the grass.

Thy song is silent and the winter winds Ruffle no more thy waters into foam; No more in thee the bird refreshment finds, Nor on thy banks the beaver makes his home. But though thou 'rt shrouded in cold ice and snow, And no more now is heard thy tinkling ring, 'T is solace and a cheering thought to know

That thou wilt laugh again when comes the spring.

WHATEVER is of the past is full of interest to us of the present. Incidents and objects perhaps not very highly valued at the time in the bustle of living, and when they were so much a part of the daily round, take on new meaning and value as the years go by. Events, bits of jewelry and furniture, the old utensils of domestic use, all that formed a part of the vanished years and is remembered or preserved for us to-day, completes a fabric of history,

no part of which we can afford to lose.

It is for this reason that once or twice a year the League offers as a subject for the prose-writers, " A Family Tradition"; and to the editor at least no other competition is so full of interest as this one. Every story that comes is worth writing, and worth reading, and so many are worth printing that his one regret is that many, many more cannot find place for lack of room. He reads them



"A LANDSCAPE MEMORY." BY CORDNER H. SMITH, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

over and over, and does his best to select those that are most perfect in the telling and of the widest general interest. The latter is the harder task. Of course those incidents that bring us face to face with the nations' history link the reader by personal touch, as it were, with some great event or personage, have the greater historical value; but there are others of such romance and charm that it seems almost impossible to put them aside. So this time we are going to do as we did once before: we are going to have another competition on the same subject, and let the work of all the prose contributors of Roll of Honor No. 1—and there are a great many of them—have another chance, allowing other members to contribute as before.

Perhaps there are some very matter-of-fact persons who will say, "Never mind the past. The present only is of value, and only the future worth a second thought." We think such persons, perhaps, may not

remember that every little part and parcel of the past is so linked and interwoven with the present that a study of the one leads to a better understanding of the other and a clearer insight into days ahead-all this, to say nothing of the charm and the fascination of putting together, bit by bit, the lives of those who lived and loved and died so long ago; just as some one, it may be, somewhere in the uncreated years, will remember these days and these lives of ours by piecing together whatever trifles of effort or association or curious happening we may leave behind. Indeed, it should be one of the League's aims to preserve, by recording it, every family tradition, before it is clouded and lost in the mists of mem-Not to do this is to be like those who fling into the fire ancestral papers as so much litter, who melt up old

family jewels for the metal, and who send old family furnishings to the junk-heap. To be sure, the days of these careless doings are passing away, and we may make it one of the objects of the League to protest against any such wanton abuse, just as we protest against the abuse of birds, dumb brutes, and other helpless things.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 72.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, Arthur Albert Myers (age 15), Hartford Mills, N. Y.; Georgiana Myers Sturdee (age 11), 248 State St., Albany, N. Y., and Bessie M. Blanchard (age 12), Pawling, N. Y.

Silver badges, Christine Fleisher (age 10), Auburn, Pa., and Otto H. Freund (age 16), 403 N. 4th St., Springfield, Ill.

Prose. Gold badges, Bernard Nussbaumer (age 12), 50 E. 108th St., N. Y. City; Lorraine Ransom (age 12), 36 Bellevue Pl., Chicago, Ill.; and Theodosia C. Cobbs (age 12), 16 Iberville St., Mobile, Ala.

Silver badges, Sarah Perkins Madill (age 11), 92

Carroll St., Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Lois Williams (age 12), 921 Carrollton Ave., New Orleans, La.; and Eleanor W. Machado (age 11), 222 Somerset St., Ottawa, Ont.

Drawing. Cash prize, Cordner H. Smith (age 17), Washington, Ga.

Gold badges, Archibald MacKinnon (age 14). 37 Cambridge St., East Orange, N. J., and Rowley Murphy (age 14), 41 Collier St., Toronto, Can. Silver badges, Helen O. C. Brown (age 16), Bank of

Silver badges, **Helen O. C. Brown** (age 16), Bank of Scotland House, Oban, Scotland, and **Gladys Memmin**ger (age 8), Hinsdale, Mont.

Photography. Gold badges, Eleanor Park (age 15), Englewood, N. J., and Nellie Shane (age 15), Newcastle, Ind., R. F. D.

Silver badges, Margaret S.Cornell (age 15), Box 211, Coraopolis, Pa., and Anne P. Rogers (age 11), Hyde Park-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize,



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY ELEANOR PARK, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

"Deer, Swimming," by Jack W. Steele (age 14), Painesville, O. Second prize, "Deer, Feeding," by Harold C. Brown (age 14), Box 588, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Third prize, "Gulls," by Katherine Mortenson (age 14), Oak Park, Ill.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, Elizabeth H. Crittenden (age 15), 319 Eleventh Ave., Belmar, N. J., and David Fishel (age 14), 34 East 76th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Marion Horton (age 17), 174 N. Madison Ave., Pasadena, Cal., and Samuel Miller (age 14), 316 N. Winooski Ave., Burlington, Vt.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, Florence Alvarez (age 15), care of George B. Smyth, 2509 Hearst Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Silver badges, Alice Lowenhaupt (age 12), 151 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Alexander Watkins (age 10), 1024 N. State St., Jackson, Miss.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers for the purpose of intellectual advancement, wholesome recreation, and the protection ofdumb beasts. The membership is free, and a badge and instruction leaflet will be mailed on application.

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"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY NELLIE SHANE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY BESSIE M. BLANCHARD (AGE 12). (Gold Badge.)

A LITTLE brook ran merrily
Through meadows green and wide,
While bright-hued flowers and grasses, too,
Grew all along its side.

"'T is summer-time!" the brooklet sang, And sparkled in the sun; "I'm just as happy as can be; I'm having lots of fun."

The next time that I came that way
The brook was frozen quite;
The trees had shed their pretty leaves,
The field with snow was white.

"T is winter-time!" the brooklet cried, As winds came sweeping by; "But soon the summer-time will come, And 't would be wrong to sigh!"

The little brook is happy,
Be the weather what it may;
So let us all be cheerful
And happy every day.

AN OLD FAMILY TRADITION.

BY THEODOSIA C. COBBS (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

WHEN the fog lifted from the waters of Long Island Sound on the morning of July 7, 1779, it revealed to the terrified inhabitants of Fair-field that their worst fears were realized, and that the dreaded fleet of Tryon, "the fire-brand," was preparing to land at the foot of Beech Lane. My four-times-great-grandma Thorpe lived on

Beech Lane. Her husband, Captain Harry Thorpe, was away commanding coast-guards, so she was there alone with the children. The red-coats landed and passed up the lane, setting fire to every house as they passed. Soon they reached the Thorpe mansion, where all madam's pleadings were in vain. Then she calmly sat herself down, while her children wept around her, and declared that "if they would burn her house, they must burn her in it." The young officer in charge, touched by the distress and beauty of her fourteen-year-old daughter, Eunice, picked the mother up, chair and all, and bore her to a neighboring hill, from whence she and the children viewed the destruction of their beautiful home.

Four years passed and the war was ended, but the

young officer, still haunted by the beautiful face of Eunice Thorpe, dared to return to Fairfield and lay at her feet his heart, hand, and princely estate: but this Daughter of the Revolution lifted her head proudly and said: "I could never think of marrying a soldier who would make war upon helpless women and children!" For years he followed her in vain, but returned to his own country, when she married the brave young patriot William Burr, whose calm, dignified face looks down from the old, old portrait above our mantel, and close beside him is the placid face of Eunice Thorpe-Burr. Such is the family tradition that has come down through the Burr family from the old town of Fairfield.



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY MARGARET S. CORNELL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRA-DITION.

BY LORRAINE RANSOM (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

My great-great-grandfather came over in early times and settled in Philadelphia. When the country came to blows with Great Britain he still upheld the King.

His sister fell in love with a young artist by the name of Benjamin West then he was not celebrated. The brother saw no other way of stopping their marriage, so he locked her up

in her room so she could not communicate with her lover; but in some way or other they arranged to meet and, with their friends' assistance, to elope. She climbed



"DEER, SWIMMING." BY JACK W. STEELE, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

See farmers gathering in their golden maize, And watch the horses

And watch the horses as they homeward go.

I see the sinking sun aglow with red,

And trees, dark silhouettes against the sky; I hear the songs of robins

overhead,
And music as the brook
goes dancing by.

At last these pleasant scenes fade from my view;

I do not hear the brook nor bells nor bird;

I do not see the sun nor sky so blue:
Instead, a vast white field comes out unblurred.

The brook, in summer-time my favorite place, Brings all this back to me; But still all things seem dark, you cannot trace One thing I saw while in my reverie.

Oh, happy thought! when Spring shall wake again, And give to us her sunshine and new life, Then shall the brook, increased by April rain, Dance on and on from bondage and from strife.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY BERNARD NUSSBAUMER (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

Grandfather has an old sword. The hilt is loose and may have been renewed, but the blade is the very old one. Engraved on it is the year A. D. 1414 and the rough shape of a running wolf. There is an old tradition to this sword.

In the fifteenth or sixteenth century, when our ancestors lived in Switzerland, in the Argau, one of them, as tradition says, saved with this sword the life of a member of the imperial family of Hapsburg while out hunting. Therefore the sword was blessed, to bring luck to everybody who touched its blade before an undertaking. Through all these hundreds of years this was done, if not from superstition, then for curiosity's sake.

Even when father was yet a child the old ceremony was performed.



"DEER, FERDING." BY HAROLD C. BROWN, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

out of her window on to a ladder which Benjamin Franklin and her lover were holding. They were married by Bishop White; then, boarding an English vessel, they sailed away.

After a good many years, when Benjamin West became celebrated, the brother would not forgive his sister. Once Benjamin West sent him a beautiful portrait of his sister and child, but it was thrown into the garret, and I suppose it is there still.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY ARTHUR ALBERT MYERS (AGE 15). (Gold Badge.)

I STAND beside the brook so cold and still, Forget the stinging frost and soft, white snow, Forget the north wind with its biting chill, Forget old Winter's stormy blasts, and lo!—

I see green pastures where the cattle graze, And hear the cow-bells ring so soft and slow:



44 GULLS." BY KATHERINE MORTENSON, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY ANNE P. ROGERS, AGE II. (SILVER BADGE.)

For instance, when our uncles and cousins went to war in 1862, 1866, or 1870 (the Franco-Prussian War), or when a member of the family had to pass the state examination to graduate, the old sword was touched. It was as if the ancient blade woke in its friends the great confidence of success and their best efforts. I myself cannot touch our pld family friend, the sword, because it happen in dear grandfather's house in Germany.

cause it hangs in dear grandfather's house in Germany. But father says never mind; I should only keep my wits as keen as the edge of the old sword, and should always use them for good and never for bad purposes, as the sword was never abused. Thus the old weapon's blessing would be with me and really help me to success in this great country, the United States of America.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY CHRISTINE FLEISHER (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

ALAS! we miss the merry brook That, lying in its cozy nook, Is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on Until the winter days have gone!

'T is then we miss the chattering stream That, waiting for the sunlight's beam, Is lying underneath the snow In quiet, dreaming there below.

When warmer days have come again, Behold the laughing brooklet then! 'T is flowing, flowing, flowing on Until the summer days have gone!

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY LOIS WILLIAMS (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

My great-great-grandparents, the Count and Countess de Pontcadeuc, were members of the household of Louis XVI, he being a court officer and she a lady-in-waiting. At the time of the French Revolution they

At the time of the French Revolution they were compelled to flee from France for their lives. The count found a hiding-place in Paris for his wife and two children—one of whom

afterward became my great-grandmother—until he (the count) could arrange with a market-man, who eame to Paris every day with his goods, to let him have his donkey and panniers. Then disguising himself as the market-man and his wife as a peasant woman, he seated her on the donkey, put a baby in each pannier, and leading the donkey, tramped through the streets of Paris and to the gates, where they walked through the long line of guards who stood with bayonets raised ready to strike down any one who might be in any way connected with the nobility. From there they went to England, where they lived for several years. In 1809 they came to America and bought a plantation in Louisiana.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY OTTO H. FREUND (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

THY purling water's merry tune
Has been enraptured by the spell,
Entrapped by winter's snare. But soon,
When spring has kissed the barren dell,
Then April's full and silv'ry moon
Shall watch thee from his citadel.

Thy frozen cheek and aspect cold I can't believe has seen the day When noontide brought the panting fold To drink of thee, when gentle May Adorned thy banks with blue and gold, Nor heard the summer songster's lay.

But patience! When the south wind blows,
And blighted woods and meadows bare
Again are blooming, and the snows
Have melted in the balmy air,
Along thy banks, in sweet repose,
I'll stroll amid this beauty rare.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELEANOR W. MACHADO (AGE 11). (Silver Badge.)

THIS story happened when mama was a little girl. Grandpapa was a very strong oarsman, and he was



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY H. ERNEST BELL, AGE 13-(HONOR MEMBER.)

the captain and stroke of "The Resolute Boat Club" of New York City.

The Columbia College eight had been often victorious over the other college crews, and they had been abroad and had never been beaten.

The Columbia College eight challenged the Resolutes to race them, and they felt very confident of success.

The race was to be rowed just above Fort Lee, on the

western side of the Hudson River.

The friends of the Resolutes and of the Columbias all went across the river to the starting-place in yachts and launches. A great many flags were flying and whis-

tles tooting, and it was a very gay, pretty sight. The large steamers and the little boats all went up the river a little way.

The men got ready and a gun went off and they started. Little by little, the Resolutes pulled ahead of the others, and when they passed the large boat grandpapa was so sure that his eight would win that he gave the order to salute: "Hold! Toss oars! Let fall! Give way!"

The steamer answered with three toots of her whistle. The Resolutes won the race,

The Resolutes won the race, and that night the Resolute eight had a fine dinner at grandpapa's and the men made a poem about the race. Here are two lines:

'T was Whitman pulled that awful stroke That all the calculations broke.

Once, when grandpapa was a young man, he and three others rowed seven miles in thirty-three minutes and fifteen seconds in Boston Harbor, and the record has never been broken.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY RISPAH GOFF (AGE 14).

ALL summer long the little brook Has babbled on its way, Through flowery fields and leafy woods, Past children at their play.

And all the lovely autumn time

Has gaily danced and raced, And rushed through fields of ripened corn, And bright red leaves has chased.

> But ah! the scene is different now; The brook lies still and hard: Jack Frost has cast a magic spell, And Winter stands on guard.

> The little brook no longer sings
> To gay flowers by its side;
> And now a cold, white mantle falls,
> The merry brook to hide.

But Spring will find it out at last, And Winter then will flee, For she will break the magic charm, And set the brooklet free.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY SARAH PERKINS MADILL (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN my great-great-great-grandmother was a little girl, she lived with her family in the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. One day the Indians came to attack the village. They massacred the people, and only a few escaped, among whom were my grandmother and her family. They fled through the wilderness, which was then called the "Shades of Death," taking with them only the few things they could carry—among

these a feather-bed. At night the children slept on this bed while their father and mother watched to see that they were not attacked by savages or wild beasts. My grandmother had a little cup hung around her neck, from which to drink when they came to a spring, After many hardships they came to the little settlement called Sheshequin, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River. She lived there till she died. She was the mother of fourteen children. The old feather-bed that they carried through the wilderness has been kept and made into pillows, one of which my mother has now.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY HUGH MORGAN (AGE 10).

THE brook behind the hill
Is froz'n with ice and snow,
So I can skate at a merry pace
Up and down with Joe.

The brook is narrow here —
About three yards, I guess;
But still it 's wide enough for me
And for my sister Bess.

Sometimes mypapaskates with me, And does some fancy tricks. He taught me some, and taught Joe one— I think he made a six.

Just now he 's hitching up the horse, And 's going into town

And 's going into town
To get my ma a pair of skates—
Won't she come tumbling down!

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELIZABETH BALLARD (AGE 17).

Among the names given in the register of the good ship William and Sarak—William Hill, master—from Rotterdam, appears that of Herr Georg Nögelle, with the date September 21, 1727,—an entry not unusual, one would think, but behind it lies the love-story of my great-great-grandmother's grandmother. Her name was Maria Louisa and she was a princess of the royal house of Hapsburg. She incurred the displeasure of her family by marrying her tutor, this same Herr Georg Nögelle, and with him was forced to come to America, settling in Philadelphia. Several years later,



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY HELEN O. C. BROWN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Herr Nögelle returned to Austria, and received from his wife's relatives many rich and valuable presents, among them a scarlet velvet riding-cloak which she had worn in the old country.

This was especially prized because none but mem-bers of the royal family were permitted to wear scarlet

Two daughters were born to these exiles-Margaret and Rosina. After the death of their parents, the daughters were notified that a legacy was coming to them from their mother's family in Austria. Joel, a German nobleman, who had married Margaret Nögelle, was sent over to receive it. He secured the inheritance, which consisted of a great deal of silver plate engraved with the family coat of arms, beside a large sum of money, but the daughters never received their due. The ship on which Henry Joel had taken passage was driven out of its course by a hard storm followed by a heavy fog, in which the vessel drifted for several days and was at last wrecked on Block Island, where everything on board was lost. In the early where everything on board was lost. records we are told that this dangerous coast was made use of by pirates and wreckers, and that Block Island, the most perilous point, was their finest field of operation. They displayed false lights, alluring confiding mariners to their destruction. Here Henry Joel lost his life, with all the property he was so joyfully bringing the heirs of Maria Louisa Nögelle. This was a great sorrow and disappointment to the family, but it seems that the Nemesis of the Hapsburgs followed them even into the New World, and would not permit them to obtain their treasured possessions.



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY CLARA BETH HAVEN, AGE 16.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

THE frost set in and laid its icy hand Upon the land;

It froze the brook and caused its songs to cease; What once was gentle murm'ring now was peace -Stern, silent peace.

Then the snow fell, and on the frozen stream It laid a lovely cloak without a seam Down it fell without a sound, Or blemish. Cov'ring the frost-flowers traced upon the ground, And icicles of lovely, graceful mold Sparkling in different colors, blue and gold -But oh, so cold!



BY LOIS DONAVAN, AGE 12

Then the sun shines, shedding its radiant light Upon the earth so silent, cold, and white. It melts the snow on hill and wood and plain; The brook begins to laugh and sing again; The buds begin to open, to expand; All through the land

The trees begin to sprout, the birds to sing -They welcome spring.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

On the night of March 13, 1775, a little party of patriots were on guard in the court-house of Westminster, Vermont. This building was a square, clapboarded structure, serving the purposes of court-house, tavern, and jail. It somehow seemed symbolic of the men, strong, resolute, and firm, who met there from time to time.

Suddenly, as they sat there, every muscle alert, the sentry heard a commotion outside and gave the order, "Man the doors!" Instantly every man sprang to his place, for this was no idle farce, but an organized opposition to tyranny. The British, through the instrumentality of the courts of New York, had for some time oppressed the people of Vermont or the New Hampshire Grants, as it was then called. They, aroused by the action of the Continental Congress, refused to submit to the unjust impositions any longer.

The sheriff and his band of Tories halted by the door and demanded admittance. "We shall enter — quietly

if we can; if not, by force!" they shouted. Time after time the brave little band within drove back the onslaught, but they were powerless against the armed troops on the steps. The sheriff, having fired a volley over the heads of his foes, and seeing that they did not yield, instructed his men to shoot directly at them.

William French, an enthusiastic young man of twenty-one, pressed eagerly forward with his comrades, thus meeting his death, five bullets having penetrated his body, and one his brain. Several others were wounded, and the brave little force was overcome and compelled to suffer the taunts of their captors till morning.

Needless to say, this massacre was avenged soon after in the war; but here, on the steps of the court-house at Westminster, the first blood may be said to have been shid in that memorable rebellion.

In the little old cemetery is a headstone with this inscription:

"In Memory of WILLIAM FRENCH,

Son to Mr. NATHANIEL FRENCH; Who Was Shot at Westminster, March ye 13th, 1775, By the hands of Cruel Ministerial tools of Georg ye 3d, in the Corthouse, at 11 a Clock at Night, in the 22nd year of his Age.

Here William French his Body lies, For Murder his blood for Vengeance cries. King Georg the third his Tory crew tha with a bawl his head Shot threw.



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY JOHN EMLEN BULLOCK, AGE 13.

For Liberty and his Country's Good he lost his Life his Dearest blood."

This is why I can claim that one of my family was the first man killed in the Revolutionary War, for William French was my great-great-greatuncle.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

IT used to dance in summer along its rippling way, O'er rocks and stones and pebbles, throughout the livelong day.

The birds would sing their story, and, taking up the tale.

The brook would give the message to ev'ry clovered vale.

The buttercups and daisies then told it, far and wide, To all the other flowers along the riverside;

And ev'ry one would listen who chanced to come along,

To hear the flowers' story and catch the brooklet's song.

Just a song of summer, happy skies above; Just a song of nesting, just a song of love; Just a song of flowers, roses white and red; Just a song of beauty as the brooklet sped.

Now Winter comes among us, and puts his icy hand Upon the rippling waters and verdure-covered land; But, though the brook is frozen, its message still we hear

When snow and ice surround us, and days are dark and drear.

Though Summer has departed, and Winter rules as king, "Dear heart," the brooklet whispers, "still don't forget to sing!"

So, safe beneath the ice-robe, in prison firm and strong, To burst out in the springtime, the brooklet keeps its song.

> Just a song of summer, happy skies above; Just a song of nesting, just a song of love; Just a song of flowers, roses white and red; Just a song of beauty as the brooklet sped.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY GLADYS V. STEWART (AGE 14).

This is a legend told by our relations in Scotland on my grandmother's side.

The exact date is not known, but it was sometime in the Middle Ages that one Ramsay of those days wished to seek his fortune in foreign lands and put out to sea, but was taken captive by pirates and sold to a Spanish doctor who also was something of a magician. He treated Ramsay kindly and soon they were on friendly terms, and when the magician heard that Ramsay was from Scotland he was filled with delight, for he had longed to find some one to whom he could intrust an adventure needing courage and secrecy. Thus he told Ramsay that he would give him his freedom and a purse of gold to boot if he would execute faithfully all he told him. Ramsay willingly agreed to this, and undertook to do all he was required to do. Then the magician explained how, when he reached Scotland, he must go to a certain glen in Perthshire down which a torrent ran; he must creep up this till he came to a cave in which he would find a dragon, who would attack him



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY DOROTHY WEIMAN, AGE 12. (HONOR MEMBER.)

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with great fury, but he must not be afraid, but fight valiantly, and that however fearful it might appear, he would kill it if he persisted. When he did, he must cut off its head, feet, and tail and boil them in a caldron, and the broth made from these he must put in a bottle and bring back with great care to the magician in Spain. Above all things, he was to be careful not to taste the broth.

Ramsay found all exactly as the manician had told him, and after a hard fight

spluttered and burned his finger.

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY MARY S. SCHAEFFER, AGE 17.

Without thinking,

The water is very clear, The trees are pretty in "white-ing weather."

The places where the rabbits live, And the path to the cabin, And the pretty, white snow-They are all dear to me!

A FAMILY TRA-DITION.

BY MARY HOFFMAN (AGE 11).

My grandfather lived in Lexington, Virginia. His neighbor was "Stonewall" In those times Tackson.

killed the dragon; but as he was boiling the broth it slaves could work for other people when they were not needed at home, and the people would give the slaves' wages to the owners of them.

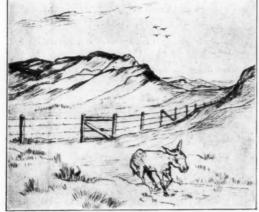
One of these slaves was working for grandfather. She was a fine cook, and they all liked her very much. She belonged to one of the large slaveholders who lived in the neighborhood. When this man died, his estate was in such a condition that all his things had to be sold to clear his debts. When the news reached Aunt Amy, grandmother found her in the kitchen, sobbing as if her heart would break. When she saw grandmother, she got down on her knees and begged her to buy her. She was a valuable servant, and my grandfather was a poor Methodist He could not afford to buy her. But minister. she said she would have to leave her husband and children and work in the cotton-fields of Georgia.

My grandfather was very much distressed, and knowing how good Stonewall Jackson was to the negroes, he went to his house and told him the case. He immediately bought her, and she continued to live with grandmother for several years.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELEANOR HISSEY (AGE 16).

My mother's grandfather was a very wealthy man in his day, but was also a great miser. At his death it was supposed that he had left a great deal of his money



"A LANDSCAPE MEMORY." BY GLADYS MEMMINGER, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

he put it to his mouth. No sooner had he done so, than he acquired the sudden knowledge of medicine

and the power of diagnosis. Now it came to pass that the King of Scotland was dangerously ill-right at death's door. None of the physicians had been able to cure him.

Enriched by his new power, Ramsay hastened thither, quickly saw the cause of the complaint, and cured the King, who in his gratitude enriched him and gave him Banff Castle in Perthshire, which is still in the possession of the family. Sir James Ramsay, the present head of the family, lives there.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY BARTLETT BACON (AGE 5).

THE winter's brooks are covered with ice, And the ice is clear forever: Only in the summer weather It will melt into bright water.

The pretty brooks are covered still. And the grass is full of snow;



RING OUT THE OLD." BY KATHERINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 13.







"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY E. L. KASTLER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

buried in the cellars of the ten buildings on the farm, and his heirs had these dug up. They found about fifteen thousand dollars hidden away, but knew that this was only a small portion of his entire fortune. Every conceivable place was searched, but no more gold was found. Finally the farm was rented out.

The lessee of the farm was a very poor man when he rented it, and his family did not have enough clothes to keep them warm. There were no carpets on the floors, and no furniture in the house except the barest necessaries.

It was noticed in a few months that the house was beginning to take on a look of prosperity, as also were the inhabitants. Some beautiful furniture and the richest carpets were sent out from the city and delivered to the house. The wife of the lessee went to a church social before long very well dressed, and, to the amazement of the neighbors, had on two beautiful diamond rings. My grandfather and some of 'the rest of the family were also present at this social. Rumors of their lessee's prosperity had been reaching the ears of the heirs, but they had not credited them; but now they saw that Fortune certainly was smiling on this family.

After this, gossiping tongues were kept pretty busy relating the affairs of this family; but the excitement was raised to the highest pitch when, one noon, the lessee came to my grandfather and handed him an old tin can. Upon examination this can proved to be filled with about five thousand dollars in gold.

It seems that the hired man had dug it up in plowing that morning. After this incident, the standing of the lessee was investigated, and it was found that he had quite a good bank account and no outstanding bills.

It is supposed that he had come across a good many of these cans in his plowing; but, as there had been no one around to see, he had n't turned them over to the rightful owners.

So this is why we are still waiting for our "ship to come in."

A FAMILY TRADITION.
BY BLANCHE LEEMING (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

DURING the French and Indian
War, Robert Land, one of my ancient grandfathers, was

chosen to be sent as messenger to Fort Niagara.

He left his wife and two children on their farm in Pennsylvania, expecting to return before many months had passed.

It was a hard and dangerous journey, and when but a Vol. XXXIII.—36.

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band of Indians and seriously wounded. Why the Indians left him is not known; perhaps they thought him dead or were frightened away by the party from the fort who found him; but, anyway, for many weeks he lay between life and death.

few miles separated him from the fort he was attacked by a

Meanwhile his wife waited and watched in vain, and when months passed and he did not return, left all and with her two children set out for Fort Niagara, hoping to find some trace of him. She

met friends in New York who urged her to stay with them, but she bravely kept on alone into the wilderness.

At Fort Niagara she was told that he had recovered and started toward home. The knowledge that he was alive kept up her strength, and she sheerfully retraced her steps. When she reached home she found the house had been burned by the Indians and there were no traces of her husband's having been there. Now completely discouraged, homeless and penniless, she returned to New York to accept her friends' offer of a home.

During her wanderings her husband, recovering his strength, set out to join his family. After many dangers, he reached the farm to find the charred remains of his home; and thinking his wife and children must have been massacred by the Indians, he went away and no one knew that he had been there. For days he



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ROWLEY MURPHY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.

Years passed and a traveler in New York, in one of his careless tales of wanderings, told of the hermit at Lake Ontario, and thus was the news of Robert Land brought to his wife, who at once set out to find him; and so, after seven years of separation, they were united and are known as the first settlers of the city of Hamilton.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY EDWIN C. CRAM, AGE 16.

Nora Reinhard

Buford Brice Elizabeth Pilsbry

Janet Freeman Helen S. Seavey Freda M. Schultz Hope Daniel

Casper René Gregory,

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.

No. s. A list of those whose work entitles them to a place on the Roll of Honor.

VERSE 1. Aileen Hyland Clara Shanafelt Lois Treadwell Margaret Stunt

Browne
Marguerite Weed
Eleanor R. Chapin Isadore Douglas Elmira Keene Aline Murray Millicent Pond Ruth A. Russell Bernard F. Trotter Marjorie Field Stuart Dorothy Rowland Swift May Bowers

May Bowers
Virginia Coyne
Charles Irish Preston
Lillie Menary
Elizabeth P. James
Maud Dudley Shackelford Miriam Allen De Ford Eleanor Moody Louisa F. Spear Elliot Quincy Adams Alison Strathy Nannie Clark Barr Susan Colgate Elizabeth Toof Helen H. Lorenz Marie Armstrong
Mary Cross Campbell
Marie Gilchrist
Helen W. Edgar
Helen Patten Gerald Jackson Pyle Beulah Elizabeth

VERSE 2. Joseph P. D. Hull Clement R. Wood Olive W. Leighton Freda A. Hand Cornelius Hager Marie V. Scanlan Marie V. Scanian Elsie F. Weil Margaret B. Smith Hattie D. Hawley I. N. Ward Corinne Benoit
Marjorie R. Peck
Frances W. Steele
Louise E. Grant Marjorie Hayman May Rose Higgins Florence Brakeley

Amidon Eleanor Johnson

Katharine R. Neu-

PROSE 1. Catharine E. Jackson Katharine Norton Katharine Norton Constance Allen Rose Philip Katharine McKelvey Helen Whitman Mary Graham Bonnes

Fannie Crawford Golding
Twila A. McDowell
Alfred P. Merryman
Ada M. Muchmore Gladys Meacham Manchester Freda M. Harrison Margaret Schaeffer

Sylvana Blumer Mary Pemberton Nourse Clara Ethelwyn Harris Mary V. Lee Elizabeth R. Marvin Margaret Norton
Elizabeth L. Curtis
Mary Cass Canfield
Ruth Louise Northup
Lois F. Lovejoy
Thomas W. Golding Jean L. Brown
Alice Weston Cone
Geoffrey Willoughby
Elizabeth D. Keeler
Henrietta Frances

McIvor Ralph Perkins Blackledge Hugh McNairGregory Evelyn Pike Margaret E. Bull Jeannette Munro Lael Maera Carlock Ruth Crandall Ada C. Klein Francis L. Hayes, Jr. Eleanor Hathorne Bailey Gertrude Boland

PROSE a. Gladys Alison William D. Maynard Herbert M. Davidson Edna M. L. Lenart

PHOTOGRAPHS 1. Constance E. Dowd Harold S. Beddoe Gilbert Durand Ruth P. Getchell Nora Reinhard Gladys Kennedy Josephine Taylor Helen Requa Bassett Eleanor Alice Abbott Lila Stanley Catharine H. Straker Cornelia S. Penfield Eleanor H. Bulkeley Margaret W. Dow Laura N. Sprague Inez Pischel I. L. Carev Constance T. Bot-

tomely John Douglas Law-John S. Perry
H. R. Carey
P. R. Keyes
Oliver M. Chadwick
Louise M. Haines
G. Huntington Wil-Inez Pischel
I. L. Carey
Gertrude H. Behr
Calista K. Rogers
Annie C. Goddard
Marion P. Phelps
Henry D. Gregory
Frances Sladen Bradley
Purfoul Rivies liams, Jr. Morris Hadley Fredericka Go

Fredericka Going
Dorothy Tracy
J. Donald McCutcheon
Natalie Ott
Thomas Turnbull, 2d.
Harold G. Simpson
Harold Fay Helen Gertrude Davis

> Canfield
> Henry L. Ballou
> Frances Warner
> Gertrude D. Wood Adelena Hatfield Valentine C. Bart Valentine C. Bartlet Katharine Miller Edith F. Cornell Marion L. Bradley Susan J. Appleton Katharine Robinson

Eleanor Jackson Katharine Gericke Jean S. Davis Gertrude L. Amory Morgan McClement Floyd Clarkson Margaret L. Mont-

gomery Woodman Hamilton Helen H. Alexander Albert L. Schoff

"DECORATION FOR JANUARY." BY ELLA ELIZABETH PRESTON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Alice Durand
Marion Armitage
Robert Edward Fithian
Thomas C. Morgan
W. P. Schuck
Arthur M. Reed
Helen P. Long
Oorothy Wormser
DRAWINGS Mary Goldthwaite Bertha Struck Fannie Foster Elizabeth Love Good-Margaret W. Colgate H. O. Phillips Donald Armour Donald Armour
Winona Montgomery
Foster Townsend
Katharine E. Pratt
Virginia Sanford
McKee
Elizabeth Washburn
Richard M. Cox

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Eva Horner Elizabeth W. Henry Katharine Stoddard Williams
Sheila St. John
Jack M. Mosher
Marion Grier Bartol Marion Grier Bartol
William Bruce Carson
Susan J. Sweetser
Penelope B. Noyes
Florence Rutherfurd
T. Smith
Helen C. Coombs
Arnold W. Knauth Robert Kenneth

Horner E. D. Wall Arthur Jenings White Josephine Halloway Bernard Rehbein Bernard Rehbein Amy Peabody Evelyn V. S. Knox Walter L. McGill Orian Dyer Florence Short Ruth Baker Charles W. Ranch Elsa Van Nes Rosamond Sergeant Helen Horton Rosamond Ser Helen Horton Nora Hume Blake Laura Houghteling

Bartlett orge Ashley Long, Jr. Allanson L. Schenk

Elsie Gledstanes Alice I. Mackey Helen Groman

Dorothy Bruce Mabel Alvarez Barrett Beeler Alma Ward Marjorie E. Chase Roy E. Hutchinson Edwin G. Burrows Margaret Reed Maud Mallett

DRAWINGS I.

Seth Harrison Gurnee Margaret E. William-Harold Brown Muriel E. Halstead Muriel E. Halstead Irene Fuller Dorothy Eaton Dudley Fisher, Jr. Alice H. Sweeney Stanislaus F. McNeill Ruth E. Crombie Fred L. Purdy Kenneth T. Perkins Marie Seton Marie Seton
Dorothy Ochtman
Miriam C. Alexander
Marjory Ward
Ben Roth
Hilda M. Hichens
Bertha Gage Stone
Margaret Dobson
Ruth Cutler
Genevieve Ross
Elizabeth Scott Mon-Elizabeth Scott Moncrieff Charles M. Ffoulke, Jr. Beth May Elizabeth Otis Elizabeth Oris Charlotte Waugh Alice S. Willis Earl M. Evleth W. Wallace Alward Mary Jadowsky Sophie Langdob Mott Harold H. Wish Adelaide Chamberlam Mary Klauder Isabel D. Weaver Mary Knulle Jones Mary Aurilla Jones Hazel Halstead Elma Joffrion

DRAWINGS 2. Archibald Campbell Archibald Campbell Frank Lister Helen Reading Alice Wheelock Carolyn Sherman Emily W. Brown Mildred C. Jones Elma St. G. MacKenzie Burr Cook Grace Cutter Stone Grace Cutter Stone Harrison Avery
Marion H. Tuthill
Abigail Preston
Elsie Margaret Hunter
Rosella Ackermann
Aurelia M. Michener Aurena M. Michener Elizabeth Scott Mac-Dougall Mathilde Kroehle Edith K. Hale

Ernest Pingel
Alice Sophie Acland
E. Marguerite Routledge Mabel Whitman Katherine Mary Keeler Eunice L. Hone Helen G. Lavery Amy Owen Bradley Helen L. Goodspeed Gladys M. Williams Eugene L. Walter

g

H

de

Dorothy Stanford Guadalupe Alvarez

Cortina Edna M. Hawley Flora Sheen Esther Curtis Grace M. Buckley Mary Arvella Tyler Helen Funke Helen Wilson Dearborn Lucas Esther Foss Marion H. Fitch Helen May Baker John T. Snyder Isabel P. Benedict Marian Walter sie Beeler Anna Ward Russell Smith Elizabeth Edwards Eleanor D. Blodgett William W. Westring

PUZZLES 1 Jean A. Freeman Gertrude M. Loving



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY BEATRICE BUGÉRIE CARLETON, AGE 13.

Warren Karner Rose Gordon Haxall Frederic P. Storke Margaret L. Loving W. S. Maulsby Elizabeth Beale Berry Moston L. Mitchell Laurance Siegfried

PUZZLES 2 Dorothy Godfrey Archibald S. Macdonald Edward N. Little

is, 'Live to learn and learn to live,'
so that is what we mean to do.'
No. 850. "The Dodge Chapter." Edward Langewisch, President; Louis Hennig, Secretary;
seven members. Address, 109 seven members. Add. Center St., Chicago, Ill.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 76.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the

Elizabeth T. Channing best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" first place. prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 76 will close January 20 (for foreign members January 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "Bygone Days."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hun-

dred words. Subject, "A Family Tradition" (must be genuine).

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, An Old Landmark."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "An Old Relic" and a Heading or Tailpiece for April.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

Marguerite Jervis LEAGUE LETTERS.

Morton L. Mitchell Katharine Oliver Walter O. Dannen-

baum Harry W. Hagard

BELMAR, N. J.

As your dear old leaves I turned
(Little hoping for a prize),
Through the Riddle-Box I passed,
When with sudden joy, my eyes
On my own charade were cast—
And a silver badge I 'd earned!
First I thought it was a dream—
But the prize soon after came.
Dear Sr. Nick, I thank you over
Every day and—bless your name!
For I feel I 'm over paid
For having sent my small charade! For having sent my small charade! Your most si st sincere reader, ELIZABETH H. CRITTENDEN.

OTHER welcome letters have been received from Kathleen Cleveland, Beulah E. Amidon, Rosamond Lee, Irene Mersereau, Margaret Spencer-Smith, Dorothy Fox, Judith S. Russell, David Fishel, Dora Guy, Margaret E. Nash, Eleanor Machado, Katherine Stewart Camblose, Ynex Grace Freeman, S. Harrison Gurnee, Robert Hammerslough, Helen Laird, Ethel M. Williams, Herbert H. Bell, Eleanor Johnson, Dorothy E. Hopkins, Alice Precourt, Gladya Meacham Manchester, Henry S. Holmes, Marjorie R. Peck, Elizabeth D. Fickett, Colin Doane, Adelaide Wilmer, Launcelot Gamble, Herbert M. Davidson, Marjore Pope, Celeste Young, Marjorie Torter, Marion Kimball, Charlotte Gibson, Julia Mattson, Kaui Tilton, Hai Ahapa, Rebecca Kupele, Malia Pulehu, Mildred Warren, Zayda R. Williams, Brita Bent.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 830. "Literary Chapter." Harry Rubenson, President; three members. Address, 136 E. Houston St., N. Y. City.
No. 831. "Mount Pleasant." Patrick Tolan, President; John Finnegan, Secretary; five members. Address, 22 Union St., Woburn, Mass. "We will hold our meetings Thursday evenings at the homes of the different members. Our motto is, "A sound mind in a sound body."

homes of the different members. Our motto is, "A sound mind in a sound body."

No. 832. "S. G. G." Myrtle Sherwood, President: Blanche Leeming, Secretary; six members. Address, 221 Cedar St., Michigan City, Ind.

No. 833. "The Merry Maids." Annie Tumn, President; four members. Address, 20 E. 73th St., N. Y. City.

No. 834. "St. Nicholas Club." Almyra Ballentine, Secretary; ten members. Address, 95 Halsey St., Newark, N. J.

No. 835. "The West End Tennis and Skating Club." Burt Headly, President; Charles Stewart, Secretary; eight members. Address, 28 South 7th St., Newark, N. J.

No. 856. "Ye Merry Maids." Marguerite Darkew, President, Mabel Bieloch, Secretary; six members. Address, 8W. Phila.

Sta., Phila., Pa.

dent, Mabel Bleloch, Secretary; sax members. Sta., Phila., Pa.

No. 857. "The Golden Rule." Herbert Davidson, President; Landon Laird, Secretary; eight members. Address, 2016.

E. 18th St., Kansas City, Mo.

No. 858. Ethel Trivun, Secretary; eight members. Address, Quincy, Ill. "We are a brand-new chapter and mean to work very hard, and our motto, of course,



ANUARY.

BY HILDA M. HICHENS, AGE 11.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself-if a manuscript, on the

upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month-not one of each kind, but one only.

TAILPIECE FOR JANUARY." Address: The St. Nicholas League, BY HOMER M. SMITH, AGE II. Union Square, New York.



BOOKS AND READING.

A BOOK TO BE CHERISHED. reading there are two very opposite ideas. Some believe that even the books and make out for themselves what they can. Others think, on the contrary, that it is a pity for children to become familiar with the most important works before they are able to understand their merits somewhat as grown people appreciate them.

Those who accept the first view will always put among the most cherished volumes in the children's library, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"-the rewriting of the plots for young readers by Charles and Mary Lamb. For those who believe that this is one of the books children ought to have and to enjoy, there has been recently published a most beautiful edition, imported into this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. The book is beautifully illustrated in color by Norman M. Price, and contains twenty illustrations of the highest merit. In fact, one can bring against them only the argument that they leave nothing for the imagination to do. Readers of the old-time cheaper books, in which the illustrating was of the crudest woodcuts, tell us that these rough sketches acted as pegs upon which imagination might hang the right fabric it created for itself; but modern color-processes reproduce artistic work so closely that pictures go beyond the imaginative powers of most readers. Nevertheless, if parents are willing that their children should use any introduction to Shakespeare, they would do well to examine this beautiful piece of holi-

WE receive among the let-SHALL WE PRINT ters sent to this department more containing "lists of books read" than of any other class. Such letters are read by us with sympathetic interest, and are often discussed and commented upon. We are always glad to see them, and offer here our thanks to

day book-making.

In regard to children's to let us know what reading pleases them. But now and then one of the correspondents ends with the request that the letter be printed in very young should be allowed to read the great these pages. That we should print all of them is out of the question, and really there is no reason for printing one more than another, except when the list given contains suggestions of books that would otherwise not be known to our readers - which very seldom happens. Besides, we are sorry to say that in very many cases most of the books named are of only the slightest importance - mere rambling narratives the reading of which brings no food to the imagination, to the mind, or to the soul; that is, they do not help us to think better, to know better, or to do better. To read them is mere pastime.

Our young friends will perhaps accept this paragraph as an explanation and excuse for not showing them their letters upon these pages.

A HELPFUL LITTLE ONE would think that the VOLUME. value of hand-work as a supplement to head-work must always have been felt by teachers of the young, but Froebel, the German founder of the Kindergarten, was the first to introduce the simplest forms of manual training into schools. Now, almost everywhere, it forms a part of the regular course of instruction.

A book that, though dealing with practical rather than with literary subjects, it may not be out of place to mention here is called "Occupations for Little Fingers," and comes from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. One of the authors in her introduction says, "It has been written by two teachers who know and love children and who have practically worked out with them the things of which they write." The avowed purpose of this manual is to offer suggestions to teachers. For young children, therefore, the directions contained in it will require explanation; but older ones, by carefully following the instructions given, will be able to work out many of the interesting probthe young writers who have taken the trouble lems for themselves. The plates with which

the book is fully illustrated will be found very helpful. There are directions how to make pretty and useful things out of raffia, chapters devoted to paper-cutting, modeling in clay, weaving, bead-work, etc. One, entitled "How to Furnish a Doll's House," will delight a little girl's heart. We have known boys who did not scorn to use their skill in making furniture for their sisters' doll-houses, and for the benefit of all such amiably disposed brothers, as well as for boys who think it a compromise of masculine dignity to have anything to do with doll-house furnishing, there is a chapter telling about tent-making, sail-boat furnishings, kite-making, and other occupations connected with outdoor life.

By the owners of restless little fingers that so often want "something to do," as well as by teachers and mothers, this book should be cordially welcomed wherever English is spoken.

FROM a book that has FREEDOM TO been mentioned in this de-SKIP. partment several times - Miss Mary E. Burt's "Literary Landmarks" - we might quote many helpful sentences. The author in her very first chapter speaks a word of warning to those who would in all cases forbid a child to skim books. She says wisely that if a child "has a few good books to which he returns again and again, reading them with thorough appreciation, there need be no great fear if he uses many books for desultory reading, picking a sentence here and there as from an encyclopedia." But those who use this advice to justify them in the second part of the statement must not forget that its freedom depends upon the thorough reading of the "few good books" with which they have become familiar mentioned in the first part.

In writing the above our interest was excited to know something definite about "raffia," which the authors of the book tell us comes from Madagascar. We sought, therefore, such books as would give information about Madagascar, and were led among others to the delightful travels of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. For Madagascar, or, as he called it, "Magastar," forms the subject of one of his

chapters, and in that chapter we hear of the gigantic bird, the rukh or roc, which is familiar to us from the stories of Sindbad the Sailor. Marco Polo is careful to guard his statements about this bird by reporting them as hearsay. But when we turn from the story of the old traveler to the serious and trustworthy Dana's "Manual of Geology," we learn that in Madagascar has been found the leg-bone of a bird so enormous that its height is estimated at twelve feet. There are also, in other accounts of the island, statements that a species of albatross native there has wings that extend fourteen feet from tip to tip. It is comforting in these days, when science throws doubt upon so many ancient myths and legends, to find that the dear old roc of the Arabian Nights was not entirely a bit of romancing.

EARLY ENGLISH In her work on "Medieval LIBRARIES. England," Mary Bateson reminds us that, in spite of the rarity of books in the Middle Ages, reading may have been more general than the number of copies would indicate, for she tells us that all who owned good volumes felt it a duty to lend them, and among the monks there were regulations directing what classes of persons might be allowed to borrow. Though it seems to have been forbidden to let books go into the possession of any but persons of the highest reputation or those connected with neighboring churches, yet this does not mean that the reading of the books was not permitted if they were not taken away. In some monasteries the manuscript rolls accumulated until chests and boxes would not hold them, and rooms had to be set apart as libraries. We may gain some idea of the size of libraries, even as early as the fourteenth century, from the fact that the library at Peterborough, England, had about three hundred and fifty volumes. The labors of monks, however, seem to have been given more to making fine copies of devotional books than to enlarging the store of good literature. There is quoted a saying of one wise old monk to the effect that a "cloister without a library is a fortress without weapons," which shows that the importance of libraries was somewhat appreciated.

1

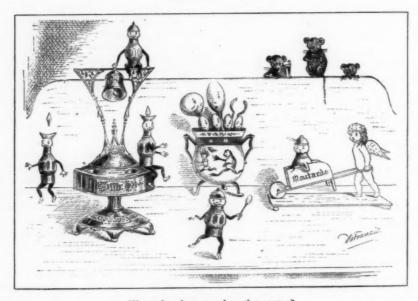


HOLIDAY JINGLES.

White and red,
White and red —
Mistletoe and holly.
Just beneath
The hanging wreath
Stands pretty, laughing Polly.

Little feet,
Little feet,
Though you trip so lightly,
Close behind
You'll soon find
Are others still more sprightly.

Tiny hands, Tiny hands, Struggling now is folly. You 're underneath The hanging wreath Of mistletoe and holly.



What has happened to the caster? Is it frolic or disaster? No, these strange, fantastic meetings, They are just the "seasons'" greetings.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. John Howard. 1. Justly, July. 2. Orgies, ores. 3. Haggle, hale. 4. Nimble, Nile. 5. Hobble, hole. 6. Ordeal, oral. 7. Wabble, wale. 8. Apples, apes. 9. Raisin, rain. 10. Dabble, dale.

CURTAILINGS AND ADDITIONS. Battle of Trenton. 1. Bonanza, botany. 2. Accourte, account. 3. Tallyho, tallow. 4. Rotche, tabor. 5. Melton, lemon. 6. Duenna, educe. 7. Soiree, orris. 8. Trefoil, fretty. 9. Transom, trepan. 10. Tricot, right. 11. Merinos, ermine. 12. Aerial, nacre. 13. Landau, talon. 14. Octagon, octavo. 15. Odeon, node.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Isaac Newton, 1. Spire, 2. Casks. 3. Crate. 4. Glass. 5. Laces. 6. Lance. 7. Creel. 8. Bowls. 9. Match. 10. Acorn. 11. Penny.

CHARADE. Mon-tea-200-ma, Montesuma.

SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Grace. 2. Redan. 2. Adapt. 4. Caper. 5. Entry. Diamond: 1. T. 2. Bee. 3. Terra. 4. Ere. 5. A. II. 1. Glass. 2. Lance. 3. Annul. 4. Scull. 5. Sells. Diamond: 1. L. 2. Tie. 3. Libra. 4. Era. 5. A. III. 1. Trash. 2. Rupee. 3. April. 4. Scine. 5. Helen. IV. 1. Waste. 2. Actor. 3. Stone. 4. Tonic. 5. Erect. Diamond: 1. L. 2. Tea. 3. Lewis. 4. Air. 5. S. V. 2. Strap. 2. Tribe. 3. Rivet. 4. Abele. 5. Peter. Diamond: 1. L. 2. Big. 3. Liver. 4. Gem. 5. R.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Whittier. Cross-words: 1. Wheel. 2. Hacks. 3. India. 4. Taunt. 5. Trees. 6. Isles. 7. Enter. 8. Rings.

ADDITIONS. B, bo, boa, boar, board.

A HOLIDAY PUZZLE. Iris, sire, sear, acre, tare, mate, ream, care, hear. Christmas.

To our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the October Number were received, before October 15th, from "Duluth" — Alice Lowenhaupt — "Allil and Adi"—"Chuck"— Harriet Bingaman — Florence Alvarez — Margaret Griffith — May Richardson.

Answers to Puzzles in the October Number were received, before October 15th, from S. Gofton, x—M. Boland, x—J. E. Adriance, z—Jolly Juniors, 4—Edna Meyle, 6—H. Rubenson, x—J. Crystal, x—Elizabeth Delo, 6—W. G. Rice, Jr., 3—Alexander Watkins, 8—"Aunt Emilina," x—Alma Liechty, z—D. Cooke, x—Alice Hopson, x.

AN EGYPTIAN ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous Founding."

Egyptian.*

CROSS-WORDS: I. An animal worshiped by the ancient Egyptians. 2. A Greek king of Egypt. 3. A famous Egyptian king. 4. A Roman general who spent much time in Alexandria. 5. The early capital of Egypt. 6. A French invader of Egypt. 7. The "Alexander of ancient Egypt." 8. A title given to the Egyptian kings. 9. Monumental tombs of the ancient Egyptian kings.

MARION HORTON.

CHARADE.

My first for industry's the text; The Autocrat wrote on my next; The Quaker poet, gentle soul, Told reverently of my whole.

HELEN E. SIBLEY.

A SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of one of Shakespeare's plays.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): I. A character in "King Lear." 2. A character in "Antony and Cleopatra." 3. A character in "As You Like It." 4. A character in "Othello." 5. A character in "Hamlet."

A character in "Midsummer-Night's Dream." 7. A character in "The Merchant of Venice." 8. Another character in that play. 9. A character in "Much Ado About Nothing." 10. A character in "Twelfth Night."
 HARRY W. HAZARD, JR. (Honor Member).

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: I. In St. Nicholas. 2. A pronoun. 3. Skins. 4. A body of water, 5. In St. Nicholas.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: I. In St. Nicholas. 2. An inferior dog. 3. A measure of length. 4. To free from. 5. In St. Nicholas. III. CENTRAL SQUARE: I. A fall flower. 2. The

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A fall flower. 2. The coast. 3. Entire. 4. To rub out. 5. To let again. IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In St. Nicholas. 2. Peltry. 3. Entices. 4. A color. 5. In

St. Nicholas.
V. Lower Right-Hand Diamond: I. In St. Nicholas. 2. A Chinese shrub. 3. Guides. 4. To increase. 5. In St. Nicholas.

BENJAMIN BERRY, JR. (League Member).

RIDDLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

In the following lines the omissions all have the same sound, whether it is one word or two.

A man, while on an ***** small,
In looking hard, his *** *** fall.

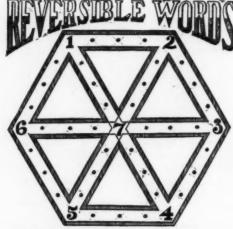
"***, *** me weep," he said to me;

**** *** him weep, and now I see
His ***** is not there at all.

DAVID FISHEL.

one who determines the value of property, and leave belonging to a slow but sure-footed beast. 13. Triply curtail evening, and leave an occurrence. 14. Triply curtail spires and leave precipitous. 16. Triply curtail a spires and leave precipitous. 16. Triply curtail a wrestling school, and leave loses color. 17. Triply curtail a little mark used to refer a reader to the bottom of the page, and leave a flower. When rightly curtailed, and written one below another,

When rightly curtailed, and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a famous man. EMERSON GRANT SUTCLIFFE (League Member).



(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

FROM 1 to 2 (five letters), a merrymaking; from 2 to 1, one of the six mechanical powers; from 2 to 3, nooses; from 3 to 2, found in every work-basket; from 3 to 4, a narrow piece of leather; from 4 to 3, portions; from 4 to 5, removes the outer covering; from 5 to 4, to slumber; from 5 to 6, haste; from 6 to 5, great depths; from 6 to 1, to delay; from 1 to 6, fed again; from 1 to 7, fumes; from 7 to 1, beloved by smokers; from 2 to 7, plunders; from 7 to 2, a high seat without a back; from 3 to 7, genders; from 7 to 3, the same; from 4 to 7, harbors; from 7 to 4, a strap; from 5 to 7, checks; from 7 to 5, stains; from 6 to 7, drags; from 7 to 6, turf.

WORD-SQUARE.

I. A toy. 2. Something worshiped. 3. To cause a bell to sound regularly. 4. Measures of length.

RICHARD B. THOMAS (League Member).

TRIPLE CURTAILINGS.

1. TRIPLY curtail to entertain, and leave to bury.
2. Triply curtail booted, and leave a yellow clay used for making paint.
3. Triply curtail a nut and leave a large box.
4. Triply curtail a line of palisades, and leave supply.
5. Triply curtail a city official, and leave a tree which grows in moist land.
6. Triply curtail a feminine name, and leave a song of joy.
8. Triply curtail a feminine name, and leave a song of joy.
8. Triply curtail a game, and leave excuses.
9. Triply curtail a game, and leave to scorch.
10. Triply curtail to thrive, and leave finely ground meal.
11. Triply curtail worthy of being quoted, and leave a proper share.
12. Triply curtail

HALF-ZIGZAG.

CROSS-WORDS: I. Mute. 2. Pertaining to Stentor. 3. Grief for another's sorrow. 4. Deep thoughts. 5. A giving up of sovereign power. 6. Rude models. 7. To achieve. 8. To wish felicity to. 9. Wonderful. 10. Serenity.

Zigzag, from I to 2 and from 3 to 4, each name a personage popular at this season.

MACK HAYS (Honor Member).

AN ANAGRAM RIDDLE.

When patient nurses guard
The souls who toss in pain,
There, in the cot-lined ward,
With cruelty I reign.

Yet, rearranged, I show
An endless stretch of strand,
The ocean's ebb and flow,
The children on the sand.

LESLIE REES.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



FROM I to 2, a famous town in Essex county, Mass.; from I to 3, a seaport of Belgium: from 2 to 4, a town in the Delta of Egypt near which a famous stone was found; from 2 to 7, an American city named after a courtier of Queen Elizabeth's time; from 7 to 6, a town in Devonshire, famous for its lace; from 3 to 4, a kingdom of northern Germany; from 3 to 5, a city of Scotland famous for its manufacture of shawls; from 4 to 6, a French city, formerly the residence of the popes; 5 to 6, a peninsula of Mexico.

SAMUEL MILLER.